THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1925

Europe Takes the Count

BY

GEORG BRANDES

Earthquake Etiquette

How We Flew to the States

BY

A ZEPPELIN EXPERT

Those Peaceful Frenchmen

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

August 15, 1925

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THIS WEEK

No secret that may have surrounded the trip of the ex-ZR-3 across the Atlantic is left unrevealed by *Walter Scherz*, who had an inside seat on the three-day journey to the States. He tells how they plotted their course, how they battled the storms, and he gives a thoroughly technical account of the whole enterprise, not forgetting to include a good dose of what we sensitive people call atmosphere.

❦ ❦ ❦

We have it on the authority of *Georg Brandes* that the three greatest forces in Europe to-day are Nationalism, Catholicism, and easy-going Socialism. The arts and sciences are sadly bedraggled; only poverty and corruption flourish on a truly international scale. The gloomy Dane can see no hope ahead for a generation that was weaned on the Great War. *Alfons Paquet*, speaking as a German Rhinelander, is scarcely more cheerful. Germany is to be the downtrodden, underpaid Proletario in the vast society of nations until that distant day when the workers of the world will, in the words of the inimitable Karl Marx, unite. Meanwhile Europe will do well to prevent England from becoming a colony of the United States. Where Mr. Paquet got this idea, only the English-Speaking Union knows.

❦ ❦ ❦

Curiously enough, France does not seem to feel the burden of post-war life crushing her to earth. *François Porché* says that wherever he goes he hears people talking about Peace, and feels sure that a better and brighter era of mutual forbearance is at hand. As if to prove this obvious point, *El. Prêtre*, which is a funny name even for a *Living Age* contributor, describes the idyllic stillness of Morocco, where all you hear is the noise of bullets going *tac-oo* and all you see is a bunch of sleepy Frenchmen and uncomfortable Senegalese wearily pursuing agile Rifs up hill and down dale.

❦ ❦ ❦

Japan, as many of our readers may have suspected, is a very strange place. Afternoon calls, for instance, are occasions of the most sedate formality. To be sure, you sip small glasses of beer and admire your host's gorgeous peonies and equally gorgeous and inarticulate wife. You take decorous leave, receiving your host's humble apologies, and walk away as steadily as you can under the circumstances. In fact, the Japanese do not get really gay until there is an earthquake. Then, while their houses tumble about their ears and the landscape rocks like an angry sea, they fall all over themselves with joy. Poor *Mr. Leopold Winkler* got the fright of his life during one of these catastrophes, until he rushed into the street and found the Carnival spirit running wild.

❦ ❦ ❦

The Yellow-backs that *Mr. Snow* talks about are not gold certificates; they are the old-time mystery and horror stories of the Wilkie Collins variety. Back in the nineties these books were every bit as interesting and exciting as the *Living Age* is to-day, and they enjoyed the additional advantage of not being considered quite respectable.

❦ ❦ ❦

The death of Guitry *père*, as we boulevardiers used to call him, starts *Philip Carr* off on a string of reminiscent criticism about the great Paris actors, whose names you will want to remember if you are a good American and hope to go to the same place other good Americans go to when they die. We are told all about the Gallic equivalents of Arliss, Hampden, Robert B. Mantell, and other farceurs, and are treated to a long list of I-shall-not-mentions. Thank Heaven he did n't.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *AUGUST 15, 1925* — NO. 4232

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A RUPTURE OF BAD RELATIONS

FRANCE, after a bitter campaign, retains an ambassador at the Vatican; France's ally, Czechoslovakia, ceases — at least for the moment — to be represented there. In the second instance, however, the Holy See and not the secular government severed these relations.

While the immediate cause of the rupture was obvious, its ultimate causes go back to the first agitation for Czechoslovak independence during the war. President Masaryk has never been popular with the Clericals. Though born of Catholic parents, he early left the Church, and he is rumored to have contemplated in his youth entering the Protestant ministry. But that is long behind him. During his political career in old Austria he was a vigorous opponent of Clericalism in the Hapsburg Empire. He inaugurated his campaign for Czechoslovak independence ten years ago at the Huss celebration in Geneva. But this opposition to the Catholic Church was primarily political. The Church was associated in his mind with Austrian oppression, and John Huss with the Czech struggle for freedom. Were it not for the Czech reformer's twofold place in history, as a patriot and a Protestant, the present dispute would not have arisen, and a majority of the people of Czechoslovakia, four fifths of whom are Catholics, would not stand behind their Government in the present conflict.

When the revolution broke out in Prague on November 3, 1918, one of the first acts of the insurgents was to destroy some of the old religious monuments. The Prince Bishop of Prague was obliged to flee. A National Czechoslovak Church seceded from the Catholic communion and established an independent organization, which now has two million members. Separation of State and Church was promulgated, civil marriage was established, and divorce was legalized.

Nevertheless, in 1920, when the ferment of the revolution had subsided, Czechoslovakia sent an ambassador to Rome and requested the Vatican to send a papal nuncio to Prague. This was done. Monsignor Marmaggi, who has just left his post, was the second incumbent of that office.

Since then, however, friction between State and Church has been unceasing.

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The radicals, who are numerous and well organized, oppose religious instruction in the schools — which is still continued under Catholic auspices; the new land-policy entrenches upon Church estates; and many other subjects of controversy between the secular government and the Church exist.

Not long ago a law was enacted abolishing several old religious legal holidays and establishing new national holidays, among them the Huss anniversary. This has just been observed with intense enthusiasm throughout the country. At the great celebration in Prague the President, the Prime Minister, and other members of the Cabinet were present, and the Hussite flag was flown above the Presidential Palace. As a protest the Vatican promptly recalled the nuncio, and Prague perforce recalled its Vatican ambassador.

Neue Zürcher Zeitung summarizes the situation in two sentences: 'Rome has five general grievances against Czechoslovakia — negotiations for a concordat make no progress; the new administrative methods tend to override local autonomy; the land reforms are taking the property of the monasteries; the holiday law disregards venerable Catholic anniversaries; and the nationalist and socialist elements are seeking to control education. . . . Three immediate reasons explain the withdrawal of the nuncio — the official participation of the President and the Ministry in the Huss celebration; a public proclamation mentioning Huss as the predecessor of Masaryk, and reflecting on the Church; and the raising of the Huss flag on the Hradschin.'

The following semiofficial communique was published in the Clerical papers of Prague on the occasion of the nuncio's withdrawal: 'In view of the clearly anti-Catholic manifestations organized on the Huss anniversary and the patronage given them by the President of the Republic, Thomas G. Masaryk, and the fact that the Prime Minister is honorary chairman of the committee having these manifestations in charge, the Holy See has instructed the apostolic nuncio Marmaggi to leave Prague immediately, as a protest against this insult to itself and to all Catholics.'

On the Sunday following the incident Premier Švehla, in a widely quoted speech at Kroměříž in Moravia, discussed the religious struggles of his country and the influence of Huss upon the people in furthering the spirit of democracy and tolerance. This was upon the holiday of Cyril and Methodius, which is acceptable to Rome. Meanwhile the Clerical ministers, though opposed to the Government's policy, hesitate to withdraw from the Cabinet, fearing lest in their absence the Liberal, Agrarian, and Socialist Parties may push through the anti-Clerical programme for completing the separation of Church and State.

Practically every Czech paper except those of the Clerical Party resented the Vatican's action bitterly, stigmatizing it as an intervention in the domestic affairs of a free, democratic, sovereign State. *Ceske Slovo* protested: 'Rome never objected when Apostolic Kaiser Francis Joseph I attended the formal opening of a synagogue, or when Graf Tisza, the Lutheran, in his quality as a Catholic paladin, presided at the coronation of Emperor Charles. Our people are not slaves.'

Some German Protestant papers, moved perhaps by dislike of the Czechs, are inclined to sympathize with the Vatican. On the other hand, *L'Independance Belge* declares roundly: 'Rome's action was designed not to displease Germany. It is a doubly unpleasant incident — first, it is intolerable for the Catholic Church to pre-

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sume to forbid a country to honor the memory of a great citizen because that great citizen was not an orthodox Catholic; second, this action is taken against a nation that has just emerged from a long era of oppression and is laboring to reconstruct itself with an energy that has the admiration of the world. All the rest of Europe except Austria-Hungary and Germany sympathize with this effort and are ready to aid it. Rome deliberately makes a hostile gesture.'

So national sympathies override confessional sympathies in the politics of peace, as they did in the politics of war.

✤

BRITISH TRADE-DECLINE

No amount of optimism can explain away Great Britain's adverse trade-balance of £395,000,000 as against one of only £158,000,000 in 1913, especially when we consider that such invisible offsets to this debit balance as maritime freights and income from foreign investments have presumably declined during the interval. Discussing this situation, the *Saturday Review* says: 'One of the most remarkable and least generally appreciated facts of the world situation is the growth of manufactures in certain Asiatic and other countries formerly supplied by Great Britain. The number of spindles in India, China, and Japan is on its way to becoming double what it was in 1913. The production of steel in these countries, with Australia added, is more than double the figure of the last year before the war.'

But Great Britain has been facing something like this for fifty years or more, ever since her manufacturers saw ruin staring them in the face with the growth of competing industries on the Continent and in the United States, which threatened to deprive her of what were then her best markets. A hopeful fact is that her Dominions, who have increased the average preference accorded her in their tariffs from four per cent ad valorem prior to the war to nine per cent at the present time, are receiving a constantly larger proportion of their imports from the United Kingdom. The rise since 1913 is from 23.7 to 26.2 per cent.

Imperial preference has ceased to be a clear-cut Party issue in Great Britain, for some twenty Labor members voted in support of the preference proposals in Mr. Churchill's budget. Indeed, the drift of the Labor Party from free trade to opportunist protection is reported to be rapid.

Among the hopeful features in the situation pointed out by Mr. Baldwin in his speech upon the vote of censure moved in the House at the end of June was that conditions in some industries — for instance, cotton-manufacturing — are better than last year, and that trades producing articles for personal consumption, like clothing, boots and shoes, and furniture, are active. The increases in unemployment that are causing such concern are limited to a few staple industries such as coal-mining, iron and steel manufacturing, and shipbuilding; but of course these are among the most important industries of the nation.

✤

KELLOGG AND CALLES IN GERMAN EYES

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung prints the following interpretation of Secretary Kellogg's note to Mexico on the authority of its Mexico City correspondent: 'The resumption of political relations with Soviet Russia, the Communist tendencies of Mexico's agrarian policy, certain specific instances of confiscation and of what the Americans consider unjust action by the Mexican Government against their citizens, and last of all the delays in bringing to justice

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the murderers of Mrs. Evans, have gradually strained the relations between the two countries. But all these issues might have been adjusted quietly without any such explosion. The reason for the latter lies deeper and may be reduced to two items: (1) the Bolshevist propaganda conducted by the Russian Embassy in Mexico; (2) the conclusion of a treaty of peace, friendship, and commerce between Mexico and Japan.'

The correspondent goes on to explain that Japan is sedulously courting Mexico's favor. She alone of the Powers waived all claims to compensation for injuries done her citizens during the Revolution. Like Mexico, she has concluded a treaty with Soviet Russia. She is endeavoring to secure privileges for her immigrants in Mexico. Therefore, in the imagination of the writer, a dark cloud lowers on our southern border.

✦

ROYALTY AND TRADE IN JAPAN

Owing to the considerateness of the editor's blue pencil, we are able to quote without abbreviation the following account, from *Commercial Osaka*, a journal published in English by the Osaka Commercial Museum, of the recent visit of the Crown Prince of Japan to that institution.

His Imperial Highness the Prince Regent of Japan arrived Osaka on May 19 from Kyoto. Whole city of Osaka was made holiday with joy of seeing His Highness come to the city, which was desired by the citizens for a long while. More than twenty thousands thronged the Tennoji Park, where a reception was arranged by the Mayor of Osaka. Before noon the Prince visited the Commercial Museum, and then to the Osaka Castle, where he lunched. Osaka Prefectural Office and the City Hall were visited by Him in the afternoon. All routes which he passes were lined with the school children at the both sides of the street. During his brief stop at the Museum, the Director of the Institution Mr. Yamaguchi together with the Governor Nakagawa lead the Prince the special exhibition arranged for his personal inspection. The exhibits practically cover the important commercial activities of Osaka at a glance. The following shows all the names of the exhibitors which were selected by the authority, and they are considered to be the representative manufacturers and merchants in Osaka. [Owing to the limitted space of the issue the names and adresses of the firms could not be published. They will be put in the next number. — Editor]

✦

LETHARGY AND LEGISLATION

T. P. O'Connor, the Father of the House of Commons, its perennial Irish member from Liverpool, and for nearly half a century one of the shrewdest, wittiest, and most competent picturers of public men in Great Britain, believes that parliamentary service encourages sedentary habits that make men constitutionally slow to think and to act. Writing in the *Labour Monthly*, he says: —

I have long had the opinion that of all the pursuits of human activity that of a parliamentarian is deadliest in its constant temptation to the sedentary life. The politician is very often at his desk most of the day. When he is free from that and goes down to the House of Commons, he lives in his seat on the benches or in the various rooms of the House; and if he attain to office he has to sit tight more frequently than ever. A sedentary life is compatible with perfect health of mind and body in some men, but in very few; and I have often thought that the lack of initiative, of energy, of the power of facing new problems and readiness to confront them boldly, in most old parliamentarians is partly due to the exhaustion of energy which comes from such sedentary habits. It is not all the cause, for the main cause is that of retaining our old parliamentary methods in trying to do the work of a world-wide Empire and at the same time to continue for hours and days of each session in the discussion of the parish pumps of England,

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Scotland, and Wales — fortunately we got rid of the parish pumps of Ireland, to her advantage and to ours. This is the real cause of the chaos and the lethargy of House of Commons legislation. But I have not the smallest doubt that one of the causes also is that lethargy of mind which comes from lethargy of body, and that lethargy of body is the necessary result of a parliamentarian's sedentary life.

But Mr. O'Connor's unpolluted Celtic ancestry enables him to discover certain variants from the conventional parliamentary type: —

There have been great exceptions, — Gladstone is the greatest, — but in Ramsay MacDonald we have another great exception. Indeed, this restless activity, this power of facing great physical fatigues, are so similar in the two men that sometimes I am tempted to dwell, in studying their characters, on the essential unity of their beginnings. Gladstone used to say that there was not a drop of blood in his veins that was not Scottish — and, I should think, Celtic Scottish, too. To understand Ramsay MacDonald you must start with the proposition that he is Highland Scottish, and that many of his gifts and some of his defects must be attributed to this strong Celtic strain.

*

A QUESTION OF DOMESTIC JURISDICTION

Our Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act contains a clause directing the Government to ascertain the foreign cost of production of certain articles imported into the United States. This is in order that the President, under his discretionary authority, may adjust rates of duty to differences in production costs in this country and abroad. The American agents sent to ascertain these costs naturally apply to foreign manufacturers for the information they desire. The latter refused to open their books or reveal their business secrets to alien investigators. Thereupon our Government sought to give these agents diplomatic status, so that any foreign manufacturer slamming his door in their faces would do so at the risk of insulting the American flag. But this privilege must be granted by the Government within whose territories it is exercised, as well as by the Government of the United States. Certain foreign Powers have refused to do this. They assert that the United States is asking the right to exercise inquisitorial authority within their jurisdiction that they themselves do not presume to use.

This controversy is adding to the already disturbingly heavy onus of unpopularity under which America labors abroad. A writer in the official organ of the Swedish Exporters Association predicts a general tariff war between Europe and the United States if our Government presses this issue. He hopes 'that the Americans will realize the injustice of their demands, especially as American courts have repeatedly protected that country's own citizens from similar investigations on the part of its own officials. But if there is no redress, the European nations must make common cause, and, if a settlement cannot be reached through friendly negotiations, there is probably no choice for us but to meet the United States with its own weapons.' *Sydsvenska Dagbladet* explains: 'It is a mistake to assume that this American trade-inquisition is aimed exclusively against the smaller nations. It is naturally directed first of all against countries with a low rate of exchange. . . . Business houses in Vienna, Basel, Aix-la-Chapelle, Florence, and Paris have been penalized with import prohibitions in the United States because they refuse to open their books to American inspectors.'

*

MINOR NOTES

An agreement has just been reached between the Polish Government and

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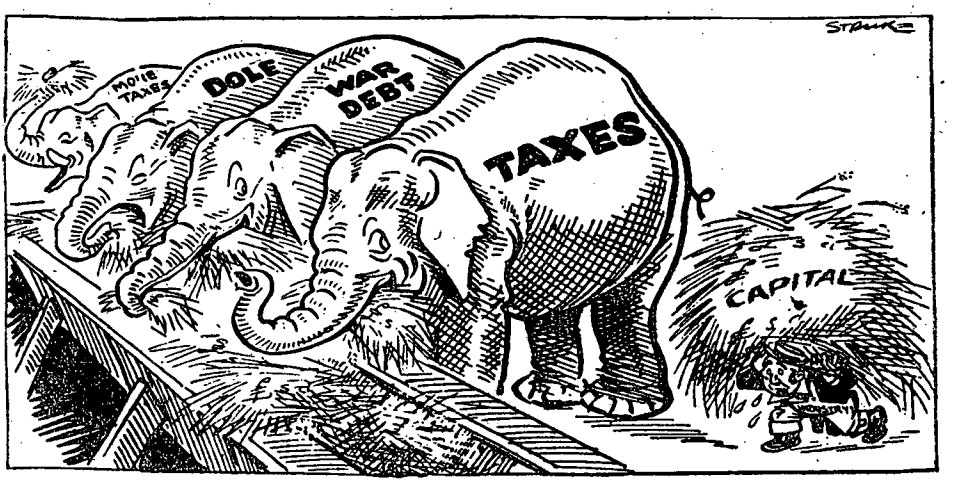
the representatives of the Jewish communities in that country, who number nearly three million, or one tenth of the population, and have forty members in the Polish Diet. This more or less informal understanding places Poland behind the Balfour Declaration in favor of a Polish national home in Palestine, provides for the official recognition of Jewish schools, permits Jewish soldiers to observe the Sabbath instead of Sunday, and adjusts several other grievances, partly social and political, and partly economic.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine*, a Paris organ of the movement to establish closer bonds between France and Latin America, laments that the three sessions of the Latin Press Congress, held at Lyon in 1923, at Lisbon in 1924, and at Florence, Rome, and Milan the present year, have not been marked successes. 'At Rome, after listening to an explanation of the objects of these Congresses, Mussolini asked with a kindly ironical smile: "Well now, what practical things have you done?"' It was an embarrassing question. The writer divides the people who attend the Congresses into the sympathetic, the antipathetic, and the apathetic, with the latter in a large majority. 'The apathetics don't do anything either before or during or after the Congresses.' As a remedy for this the writer proposes that only strictly professional journalists participate in the sessions and that the Congresses 'cease to be pleasant vacations and be made serious meetings for propagating, organizing, and developing the Latin idea.'

ENGLAND'S BLACK ELEPHANTS



"HAY FEVER."

The elephants ate all night,
The elephants ate all day,
Till every cent of his earnings went
To keep the beasts in hay.

—*Daily Express.*

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IN THREE DAYS TO AMERICA

BY WALTER SCHERZ

THE rejoicing over the successful arrival of the German Zeppelin in America is already half-forgotten. But we, who were so fortunate as to take part in the trip, will always remember the glorious send-off that the German people gave us and our handsome airship last October, and the warmth of our cordial reception in America — which none of us even dreamed of beforehand. Many of the hopes that we placed in this journey have already been realized. Quietly and unostentatiously our Freidrichshafen staff has settled down to routine coöperation with an American airship works. The Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation of Akron, Ohio, starts out having behind it twenty-five years of German experience in constructing more than one hundred airships.

Meanwhile a powerful industrial group in England is preparing to establish air communication with India. The British Government has resumed the development work upon rigid dirigibles which it stopped in 1921, and is now designing a vessel of 150,000 cubic metres. A plan for regular airship communication between Spain and Argentina is being seriously considered, notwithstanding the vigorous objection that France is making to the project. In the Scandinavian countries the employment of airships for scientific purposes, especially in geographical research, is receiving much attention. All over the world the successful trip of last October has revived interest in this form of aerial transportation.

This justifies a little closer consideration of the lessons learned from our experience on that voyage. The more intelligently informed the general public is regarding the essential conditions of future air transport, the sooner we shall understand that this is no visionary dream but a practical problem of engineering and navigation like many others with which the world is already familiar.

Everybody read in the newspapers at the time the story of our journey across the Atlantic. Much to the disappointment of the pressmen who saw us off, no information was given out beforehand regarding the route we were to take. The reason for this still puzzles many people. Some imagine that our future course was kept secret for political reasons, that we feared that an attempt would be made to interfere with us. In reality, weather uncertainties made it inadvisable to announce beforehand that we would follow a particular route. Not until we were already under way, on Sunday afternoon, did Dr. Eckener finally decide to steer directly across the Bay of Biscay along the north coast of Spain, in preference to following the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar, as orginally contemplated. This was because our weather reports and observations Sunday morning showed that atmospheric conditions were improving over the Bay of Biscay and no longer presented the obstacle to taking the shortest

[1] From *Uhu* (Berlin popular current-topics monthly), *July*

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course that they did the day preceding our departure.

Skill in reaching one's destination with the minimum expenditure of fuel and the least exposure to unfavorable weather will always be the first qualification of an airship navigator. Our most modern method of transportation here reverts to some extent to the romantic period of the sailing vessel, and revives the art of making nature's caprices serve human purposes. Rarely will one air voyage of the future, over any large distance, be identical with another.

Nevertheless, weather conditions are now absolutely decisive factors only when rising or landing. Violent headwinds may prevent taking a large airship out of its hall without undue risk. A heavy fog may make it expedient to postpone landing or to land at a different destination where the air is clear. But when once under way, wind and weather are no longer insurmountable obstacles to a Zeppelin. When we have regular airship communication we cannot expect to count upon favorable weather throughout long journeys. But the speed of a modern airship enables it to pick with certainty the best route through any disturbed atmospheric area.

Only exceptionally, therefore, will the shortest way between two points be the quickest, and the art of beating the weather will always lend a spice of uncertainty to air navigation not shared by prosaic steam travel on land or sea.

Already the commander of an air vessel, who has at his control highly developed agencies of navigation, particularly wireless devices and delicate altitude recorders, can combine his direct observations with the weather reports received from other sources so as to form a very accurate picture of the wind map and the cloud map along his course.

Such problems remained secondary, however, in their application to transatlantic flight until the structural problems presented by airships were so far solved that these vessels were capable of withstanding prolonged exposure to wind and weather and until motors had been developed reliably enough under endurance tests to be depended upon for several days' continuous service. Both these conditions were attained in the ZR-3. It was no tour de force for her to reach America in three days, but a regular-service preformance that it was possible to plan with reasonable certainty beforehand.

Increasing experience in this form of transport will eventually enable us to eliminate mischances due to mechanical miscalculations seriously endangering the vessel and her occupants. Accidents due to the neglect of the navigator or 'an act of God' can never be entirely avoided, either in air transportation or in any other form of travel.

When, on the evening of October 12, at the end of our first day's journey, the lights of the northern coast of Spain bade us farewell and the thoughts of thousands followed us across the waters, our crew had dropped into its regular routine. Weather service, tiller service, meals, and sleep alternated as if we had been in the transatlantic air-express business for years. The sensational aspects of our work had vanished. Those who were looking for adventures forgot to think of them. The only incidents worth recording in the day's routine were the health of our canary bird, the enforced economy of water for washing, or our dinner menu, which was wirelessed to the world. The motors hummed their monotonous song. The extra steersman recorded weather reports on his map as if he were at a meteorological station at home. We received these reports morning, noon, and night from the Eiffel Tower, from

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Königs-Wusterhausen, and from Norddeich. The commander and the navigator occasionally tested the direction and velocity of the wind, observed carefully every change in the weather, and from time to time shifted our course, which at first bore directly toward the Azores.

At dawn of the second day a large freight steamer, the City of Boston, appeared. She gave us our reckoning, which showed that the wind had carried us farther south than we supposed, but that our calculated longitude was correct to the minute. About midday San Miguel, the first of the Azore Islands, appeared on the port side, a little dot in the endless waste of water. Early in the afternoon we passed in brilliant sunshine Terceira, San Jorge, Pico, and Fayal. The beautiful dark pinnacle of the Pik lifted itself out of a white sea of clouds. When directly above Angra, the capital of the Archipelago, we dropped a letter bag with greetings from the crew to our folks at home.

Toward nightfall we headed into a southwest wind of rapidly increasing violence. By 4 A.M. it had reached a velocity of twenty metres a second, and reduced our progress to twenty nautical miles. We appeared to be entering the southern edge of a low-pressure area moving across the Atlantic from the southwest toward the northeast. This heavy head-wind made it doubtful for a time whether we should be able to make the passage within the time set. We still had thirteen tons of fuel on board — enough for more than fifty hours' travel at our present speed. That was enough to carry us across in spite of the head-wind, but it would prevent our making a passage in the time we had planned.

Several hours passed before we received a wireless from an American vessel far to the north of us, reporting the condition of the weather at that point. Among all the messages of greeting with which the American cruisers so cordially bombarded us, this brief word announcing an east wind far to the northward was the only one that enabled us to estimate the approximate extent of the low-pressure area. Without a moment's hesitation Dr. Eckener headed our vessel directly north, several points away from New York, in order to avoid the west wind on the southern side of the depression, which would check our headway by many hours, and to reach the favoring east wind on the northern side of the depression. We expected to gain considerable time by this detour.

It was probable, to be sure, that the east and northeast wind for which we were searching would be even more violent than the south wind where we were, but we knew from our trial trip, and from the few hours during which our airship had been passing through the turbulent atmosphere of the North Spanish coast, that we could safely trust ourselves even in a violent storm without fear for the stability of our vessel.

During the next few hours every man on board watched with the keenest interest for a change in the wind and weather. We were solving a practical meteorological problem in grand style. About 11 A.M. the southwest wind suddenly ceased. At a quarter before twelve the atmosphere was perfectly calm. Ten minutes later the smoke from a wind-bearing bomb told us that a light southeasterly breeze was already assisting our progress toward the American coast. In a few hours this light breeze had become a stiff east wind, rising rapidly to a gale, that aided by our motors carried us forward toward our destination at an even faster pace than that of the scurrying rain-clouds. With really fantastic speed

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— at a rate of ninety nautical miles an hour — the huge airship skimmed through the black night high above the raging billows below. All the windows of the navigating cabin were closed, but the rain entered at every crevice and drummed a rattling tattoo against the vessel's side. We could not admire enough the staunchness of our proud ship, who defied the storm as confidently as if she were a veteran of the seas.

We soon saw that we should quickly make up the time we had lost the night before on account of the head-winds along the thirty-eighth parallel. By half-past eight that evening we picked up the light on Sable Island. Halifax's lights were visible far to the starboard. The wind gradually swung around to the northeast, frequently reaching a velocity of twenty-five metres a second. By midnight we were over Cape Sable, and soon after four o'clock in the morning we passed the first city in our course on the American continent, Boston.

Just sixty-six hours had elapsed since we had left the French coast at the mouth of the Garonne. Searchlights and radiograms greeted the new visitor from the Old World as she passed majestically down the coast, accompanied by a slowly falling wind, past Providence, Newport, New Haven, to New York.

A little before 8 A.M. we circled around the Statue of Liberty amid a roar of whistles and a screeching of sirens from the great vessels below us. While we slowly bore up the North River the sun broke through the dense fog that had hitherto hidden all but the roofs of the lofty skyscrapers.

We made a great circle between the high towers of this modern Babylon, then rose to a height of 3650 metres. We did not do this for exhibition purposes, but to discharge gas, for our ship had been greatly lightened by the consumption of fuel, and this operation was necessary before landing. At 9.37 A.M., American time, on Wednesday, October 15, our vessel descended smoothly and without incident in the naval-airship port of Lakehurst, about seventy miles south of New York. We had covered 7830 kilometres in three days, nine hours, and two minutes' continuous travel, at an average speed of almost one hundred kilometres an hour. When we landed we still had more than 7000 kilogrammes of fuel on board, or enough for about twenty-four hours' consumption.

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THREE FOOTINGS TO EUROPE'S BALANCE SHEET

I. A GREAT DANISH CRITIC FINDS A DEFICIT[1]

BY GEORG BRANDES

I RECENTLY received a French questionnaire asking whether we have an international culture. I answered: 'We indubitably have geometry, astronomy, chemistry, physics, medicine.'

But beyond that I have my doubts. I am by no means certain that we can reconcile our present political condition with the existence of anything called culture. Estrangement and discord among nations and within nations are growing. Parties, classes, and religious factions hate and despise each other more bitterly than ever before. Justice is an ideal that seems, to any person looking at the world with open eyes, utterly impossible of attainment.

Of course, we have the League of Nations. I must bite my tongue to keep from saying something unkind about it. It is a little peculiar that the League is not meeting at The Hague, where there is an empty Peace Palace waiting for it, but in Geneva, where it is easier for the Powers to dominate it. We see Russia and China — and perhaps Japan — trying to get together on some basis of general peace — or should we say the peace of Asia? But in Europe the only things that are international are science and art — both more or less dilapidated — and poverty and corruption.

Nationalism is the dominant spirit of the age. Just as in the ancient world the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews each considered themselves better than any other people on the globe, European nations in 1925 have fallen into the vulgar habit of self-extollation. Just as defective and inferior individuals are generally great boasters of their abilities, so are the defective and inferior peoples of the earth to-day.

I was discussing this question pessimistically a few years ago with a Norwegian professor from what was then Christiania and is now called Oslo. I regretted that Bishop Grundtvig in his day had succeeded in convincing the Danes that they were 'God's beloved people,' — a compliment not easy to define, — and said jokingly: 'Probably even among you Norwegians every peasant thinks the Norwegians are the greatest nation upon earth.'

The professor blushed a little and then remarked mildly but complacently: 'I confess I share that opinion myself.'

I had no reason to be surprised. Neither would any citizen of the United States of America, where there is not a schoolboy or a schoolgirl who is permitted to doubt for an instant that his country is the greatest country on the globe. But America learned her self-deification from Europe. It is a vice associated in her case with nationalism, as it is everywhere else, although no people on the face of the earth — except the Swiss — have less reason to cherish such a sentiment, since the Americans are recruited from every

[1] From *Prager Tagblatt* (German-language Nationalist-Liberal daily), *June* 22

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land and every creed. She sets an example for Europe just now by excluding newcomers of her ancestral races from her shore. Protestantism is the typical vehicle of nationalism in North America, as Catholicism is in Poland. But in both America and Europe Roman Catholicism steadily grows stronger even in intellectual circles. The three chief forces in Europe to-day are nationalism, Catholicism, and an indulgent, easy-going socialism. The political ideal of popular liberty which the nineteenth century championed, in part sincerely and in part hypocritically, has gone by the board. Where conservatism is strong enough, civil liberty has been superseded by a dictatorship. In revolutionary Russia and in the Ukraine and Georgia, which have been overrun by Russia, neither freedom of the individual nor of the press exists. All education is Communist and hostile to liberty.

Great Britain and the United States have been powerful nations so long that foreign criticism of their policies does not disturb them. You could admire or condemn at will Lord Salisbury's foreign measures — it was all the same to an Englishman. He did not care whether you liked it or not. It never occurred to him to rate you a friend or an enemy of his country for your opinions. So a man is perfectly free to criticize or extol the administration of a Cleveland or a Roosevelt. Americans are quite indifferent to what you think about such matters.

Even to-day, after all the passion, the exaggeration, the lies, and the propaganda of the World War, these two nations remain the same. Neither an Englishman nor an American resents having a foreigner disapprove a measure of his government, particularly since that disapproval is generally shared by a large section of his countrymen — those who are out of office.

But even before the World War a German was extremely sensitive to any criticism of his country by an alien. You hardly dared to smile. In 1908, when Edward VII met Nicholas of Russia at Reval, a certain gentleman who used to call himself the 'Admiral of the Atlantic Ocean' was so enraged that he insisted upon setting up a tiny monarchy among the semibarbarous Albanians, who know nothing of either national or religious liberty. He placed a German prince on the throne as Regent. But no one was permitted to smile when Prince Wilhelm von Wied made his formal entry into Durazzo in March 1914 as the 'popular choice of the Albanian nation,' or when he left the country the following September without renouncing any of his rights as ruler.

Even before the war, France too was very sensitive. She had a special staff in her Foreign Office whose business it was to refute any unfavorable opinion concerning her Government expressed by a prominent foreigner. Since the war this sensitiveness has broken out into a torturing rash of hypersensitiveness. Her insistence on being recognized and admired has become a monomania, growing in violence as rapidly as her money falls in value. Any person who presumes to question the justice and wisdom of French policy at any particular time is at once stigmatized as an enemy of France; and if at some previous period he has expressed his recognition of her great services to civilization, he is now branded as a renegade.

Europe has just navigated, without utter disaster, a sea of misfortunes. But that does not persuade a thinking mind to indulge in stupid optimism regarding her, or to see a panacea for her ills in the quack nostrums that

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politicians masked as statesmen have concocted for her healing.

One of the saddest results of the war is that the best and most promising young men in all the leading countries have been killed or crippled. That explains in part the reign of hopeless mediocrity we now witness. But only in part. The great misfortune is not merely negative, not merely the destruction of the better, but also positive, the paralyzing of independent thought. Our chief misfortune is 'mediocracy,' moron government, that blots out like a leaden weight all greatness and clear thinking, and deifies in its place rachitic religiosity, hysterical fancy, and sterile muddle-headedness.

I visited Greece a few years ago. When I reached Athens I did not know a single human being in the city. After I had spent a few days at a bad hotel and had visited the Parthenon and the museums, I was preparing to depart when it occurred to me to leave my visiting-card at the University. I drove down there. A student came out. I handed him my card, with the request that he give it to a professor. A minute later at least one hundred students were crowding around me. That very afternoon the Greek Government placed at my disposal a beautiful residence, and informed me that I was its guest and that I was to pay nothing for what I ate or drank, for my carriages, or even for my laundry. I was treated as the guest of Greece. Since then the men who were so cordial and hospitable to me have been stood up against a wall and shot. The King has been driven out of the country, and has died mysteriously in a foreign land. The Crown Prince George, who succeeded him, has also been exiled. And even Venizelos, the opponent of the dynasty, resides abroad.

The devil that rules this age is simply the World War and its consequences. The fact that Edmund D. Morel, who was politically the most enlightened man in England, has been prematurely snatched from us by death is due to the inhuman treatment he suffered during the war. He realized long before he passed away that his health was broken. Four or five years ago he wrote me: 'I feel my strength ebbing rapidly.'

I first met Morel at a breakfast given in his honor by the Congo Association in Paris on February 26, 1909. You never forget a day when you have met for the first time a great, noble-hearted man. For twelve long years Morel, the founder of the Congo Reform Association, had labored tirelessly to abolish the greatest scandal of his time — the atrocious government of Leopold II of Belgium over the so-called Congo Free State. Under that government Africa suffered all the horrors of the vilest system of slavery ever conceived. Within twenty-five years twelve million human beings were wiped out by its tortures, and blooming provinces were converted into an unpopulated wilderness.

Why, then, was this man thrown into a London prison in 1917, forced to languish for half a year in the company of common criminals, and made to suffer utter social ostracism? This was his crime. He had tried to send to Romain Rolland a copy of his pamphlet, *Tsardom's Part in the War*. That ineffable disaster was prevented! The pamphlet was confiscated in the mails.

A lady whom Morel did not know, but who was acquainted with Rolland's sister, informed him that Rolland admired his writings. That kindled in his heart a criminal desire to send Romain Rolland, a great pacifist and a world-famed author, something that he

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had written. He did not know Rolland personally; he did not even know where he was living; but he imagined that since he was a Frenchman he must be at Paris. In fact, however, Rolland was in Switzerland. It was not forbidden in England to send pacifist literature to Allied countries, but it was forbidden to send such writings to non-Allied countries like Switzerland. It should have been an extenuating circumstance that Morel did not know where Rolland was. But the pamphlet contained this unexampled slander — that German militarism was no worse than any other brand of militarism!

So in Europe during the World War one of the most eminent and esteemed writers of England was imprisoned for half a year because he had sent one of his pamphlets, inscribed 'With friendly wishes from the author,' to one of the greatest writers of France. Romain Rolland, to be sure, was not thrust in prison in his own country, but he was treated there with contempt and disdain. And he still leads a lonely life in Switzerland because the general political atmosphere will not permit him to reside in France.

Rolland's opinions in his early youth were probably colored by a cordial letter that Leo Tolstoi wrote to him in answer to his own ardent questioning. Rolland was touched by the fact that this famous man, older than himself, should have taken so much time and trouble to answer him. And thenceforth hatred for every kind of violence remained implanted in his soul.

II. A GERMAN COSMOPOLITAN-IDEALIST CHECKS CERTAIN ITEMS[1]

BY ALFONS PAQUET

RUDYARD KIPLING is the epic poet of the Victorian British World Empire. For him and for all the English poets of his time, there has been a World Empire to celebrate. This Empire now monopolizes the imagination of England, which even in Shakespeare's time was intensely insular, even when it emerged from the narrow confines of the nation to deal in a typically English spirit with scenes in Ancient Greece and Rome, in Milan, in Sicily, on the Danish Coast, or upon the islands of the ocean.

Germany, on the other hand, did not emerge from her national chrysalis until the reign of her last Emperor. Goethe foresaw that event. He forecast its dawn just as Shakespeare forecast the dawn of England's World Empire. But this German dawn was quite different from that of England, and overcast with tragic omens. It began with military conquests, followed by industrial expansion, which soon after 1880 began to bring Germans into intimate contact with lands beyond the seas. They quickly became conscious of England and her background. America loomed across the ocean, mysterious and of doubtful boding. A German navy was the spontaneous response to this still unfamiliar and uncomprehended outside world.

Germany's forces of national expansion were really concentrated upon industrial and technical conquests. During the Wilhelminic era tens of thou-

[1] From *Der Neue Merkur* (Berlin literary monthly), *June*

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sands of Germans sought their fortunes abroad: Swabians, Thuringians, Rhinelanders, Silesians, scented the sea air for the first time. Young German engineers and mechanics were to be found in the new frontier towns of Siberia and in the mines and on the public works of Turkey. Germany began to develop a small circle of colonial Germans — East Africans, Southwest Africans, South Sea Germans, Tsingtau Germans. At first they were ridiculously bureaucratic, and no amount of cosmopolitan experience rubbed off their provincial corners. Generally the Germans who emigrated to our colonies knew only one single colony. We had as yet no widely traveled colonials of cosmopolitan culture such as England had produced. But this type was on the point of emerging. We had developed successful shipping-lines; we had organized a colonial science, designed to be systematic and theoretically superior to the skill the English had acquired by centuries of practice and experience.

So there were to be found German physicians, teachers, scientists, and merchants in certain tropical and subtropical countries who were a species distinct from their English and Russian colleagues. I noticed in Vladivostok, Harbin, and Mukden how different the Germans residing in Siberia were from those living in the Chinese treaty ports and in Indian commercial cities. These two types might be distinguished as the inland and the Hanseatic species. Where they came into contact, as in Peking, the result was often grotesque.

Consequently the Germans abroad were not a uniform and harmonious body. They were not a phalanx to inspire heroic song. But nevertheless there was a beginning in that direction. Material existed for a vigorous and perhaps eventually more highly differentiated and competent cosmopolitan society than even the British had produced. And the strains that contributed to it were quite different from the English, the Scotch, and the Irish, who yield material for Kipling's character sketches of the British colonial soldier and official.

Then came the war, which showed millions of Germans the outside world for the first time in their lives. They campaigned in Lithuania, Finland, Russia, and the Caucasus. They dwelt in Siberian prison camps. Then they were beaten back home, to be imprisoned in the intolerable narrowness of the present.

Very few of these military wayfarers to foreign lands caught even a momentary glimpse of that inspiring vision of unbounded opportunity that the English have known for centuries. For a brief instant dreams of a great African colonial empire hovered before our eyes. We cherished mighty plans in Asia. We were going to rebuild Europe. Then everything collapsed.

A few already half-forgotten names were glorified for their heroic exploits in Africa and elsewhere, but their story has already become unreal and legendary. A German World Empire was a futile dream based on a false conception. The German was not yet prepared for that achievement. Upon the ocean he was too English; upon the land he was too Russian. . . .

We must see our task in the world in the light of reality. We can never play the rôle of world conquerors in the Western sense. We can never become monopoly merchants with the Bible in one hand and the rum flask in the other. It is hopeless for us to dream of becoming commercial freebooters among the dependent races, with tanks and bombing planes as our weapons. Destiny has fated us to poverty and renunciation.

Germans have become in this gener-

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ation proletarians in respect to world opportunities. That should make us understand the proletarian attitude of mind, when a man awakens every morning to face anew the hard struggle for existence, of wresting from a reluctant world the minimum required to keep body and soul together. A proletarian is a man for whom external circumstances make it exceedingly difficult to get what he wants. We belong to the exploited. We have suddenly been placed in a position that makes us understand the condition of all exploited classes and races. These include far more than the workers of Europe, although the latter have the liveliest consciousness of their true situation and lead the proletarian struggle. The Egyptians, the Indians, the Chinese, the black men, are all locked up in the same narrow prison.

The world is open to us Germans in only a few places. We have not a single square foot of land beyond our borders where we can be truly at home. At best we are only tolerated guests of others everywhere beyond the seas.

But to the extent that we understand all men who are fighting against the yoke that oppresses them, who are determined to tear down the walls that confine them, this unnaturally restricted world is suddenly widened for us. Hands stretch out to us from unanticipated directions — hands that we formerly refused to clasp. The masses of the world know and comprehend our situation better than we do ourselves. They realize what we may mean to them in their great struggle. Many of them are waiting for us, for our practical science, for our coöperation. They are eager to use our technical and scientific equipment. They have no reason to fear that we shall try to dominate and subdue them. They rest hopes upon us of which we know nothing. And this new world-relation, frail and germinal as it may seem, is for that very reason big with promise.

Consequently, our world task is very different from what we conceived it to be in the Wilhelminic era. It is nobler, more humane — but not less German. We must turn a deaf ear to the siren voices that would beguile us with hopes of one day recovering our old colonies. Those who now hold these colonies hold them to keep.

Now let me dwell for a moment on the deeper cosmopolitan quality of the German. Goethe, who was born in the free imperial city of Frankfort, was a Rhinelander, but he was only occasionally conscious of the fact. He was a cosmopolitan German. To him 'the Empire' meant the empire of the German intellect. It always remained for him an ideal of subjective culture. . . . The Empire of Charles the Great that crumbled in the hands of his descendants, that was temporarily restored to a shadow of its former greatness under some able ruler, and that finally disappeared in 1806, was not the modern German Empire. It resembled in many details the ancient empires of Rome and Alexander, or of the Babylonians, plus the new conception expressed in Augustine's *City of God*. The German Empire founded in 1870 by Prussia was an unconsecrated creation of modern economic and political expediency. It never possessed either the historical tradition or the intellectual and spiritual idealism of the old Empire.

But to come back to the present — I am a Rhinelander. As long as the Rhineland was only a tourist resort and a great workshop, as it was during the Wilhelminic era, as long as it was merely a playground of luxury and a seat of toil, I scarcely thought of it as my native land. Now, since my country has become a bone of contention between European rivals, I realize that

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I am a son of the Rhineland, and the problem that presents itself to me, of being a native of a territory lying between powerful nations and coveted by them, is the problem shared by many people in Europe to-day. A solicitude to save my native land from the horror of becoming a battlefield for hostile rivals is a solicitude felt likewise by vast numbers of Europeans in other parts of the continent. It is a solicitude that is insensibly drawing these peoples together in a new and a better kind of unity. When this idea of a new and higher political unity, safeguarding local liberties but itself consecrated by the political conscience of the continent, is universally accepted, then we shall again have an empire. We shall again grasp the thought that hovered in the minds of men a thousand years ago when they christened their political creation the 'Holy' Roman Empire. . . .

Therefore the fact that the German has a typically proletarian function in the world does not exclude him from enjoying all the rich civic heritage of his past. Presumably a way will be opened to him to realize his destiny in both directions.

We belong to the nations that are ever striving from the inland toward the sea. All true intercourse among nations is across the sea and based upon the sea. We are close to its waters, but we are not actually settled upon them. Our path thither, like that of every other nation, is along great rivers: the Rhine, the Elbe, the Danube. Europe has an exceptionally varied and accessible coast. She is surrounded by a garland of excellent harbors. No nation in Europe will ever be able permanently to exclude its brother nations from their share of access to the sea. All the political forces of Europe are striving toward that one object — sea-room. Her peoples must have free intercourse with other peoples, unhampered by alien navies, which are only the expression of a transitory political system based on force and blind to the larger necessities of the world. All Europe is seeking a medium of expression that she does not possess. River transit and maritime trade can help her thus to express herself, for these are the ties that will bind her discordant parts together. Here national tasks merge in a common European task. The day will come when the continent of Europe must have the power to protect even England from becoming, as she threatens to become to-day, a mere colony of America.

This seems visionary enough, I know, at a time when the British flag is flying from gunboats in front of Cologne and Vienna. But the generation that is growing up around us will see many novel things. It is not our task to cultivate hatred, which is merely a survival of war pathology, but to study geographical statesmanship. This is far better material upon which to nourish the visions and plans that are to shape our destinies. The more cordially we welcome the merchant flags of every seafaring people to the rivers that penetrate to the heart of our country, the sooner will the war flags of those nations vanish from our waters.

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III. A FRENCH POET AND PLAYWRIGHT DETECTS A COMING SURPLUS[1]

BY FRANÇOIS PORCHÉ

A NEW situation has arisen in Europe since the war that in my opinion is favorable to the formation of a European mind. It is this: that struggle was so long and so exhausting for both sides that, notwithstanding the decisive and glorious victory of the Allied arms, the difference between conquerors and conquered is, for the first time perhaps in history, insignificant. The existence of any real advantage on either side is disputed in private conversation, in the press, and in the post-war literature of every country.

It is true that Foch beat Ludendorff; the political map of Europe has been redrawn; we have recovered our lost provinces; ancient States have practically vanished and new States have taken their places. These were the fruits of military success. But nearly seven years have passed since the Armistice and we still behold signs of exhaustion on every side. The task of living grows constantly more difficult. Financial crises, unemployment, revolutions, and dictatorships are but varying symptoms of the same abnormal condition, of the same state of unstable equilibrium. All these evils afflict victors and vanquished alike. Both have emerged from the battle equally damaged, with equally wrecked constitutions, and up to the present we see no signs of convalescence. 'Complications,' as the doctors say, follow complications. All Europe is sick.

And then as to the blood that was shed! There also victors and vanquished are equal. They stand on common ground before the horror of an immense hecatomb, before boundless forests of wooden crosses.

Suffering equally from social malaise, mourning alike for their dead, both seek to drown their sorrows in the same follies. Both exhibit the same frenzy for pleasure, the same moral relapse, the same craving for every crude narcotic that promises oblivion!

Such a striking resemblance in the condition of the enemies of yesterday should be enough, it would seem, to teach them reason. Europe, having let her internal discords plunge her into disaster, must surely learn from her universal suffering, her regrets, her fears, her realization of all that she has destroyed with her own hands, that her salvation lies in unity. This is not a new idea, but there is a great gulf between a purely intellectual notion and an impelling social force; many stages of development intervene between the seed and the fruit. Nevertheless, a slow, almost insensible transference of this idea of unity from the abstract to the concrete, albeit retarded and at times checked entirely, is occurring in the minds of men. Not in the minds of all men, but as yet of only a few. The old quarrels continue; the ancient bitterness survives; new causes of dissension arise on every hand. The map of Central and Eastern Europe seems at first glance as impermanent as the one that preceded it. Diplomacy has resumed its old gyrations — secret interviews, conferences, cipher dispatches, cabinet whisperings!

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *July* 4

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Nevertheless, behind this ancient error, and even within its very labyrinth, we see germinating a desire for better understanding, or at least an apprehension — a fear — that some unpremeditated resort to violence may plunge civilization into a universal catastrophe.

To be sure, the League of Nations has officially done little more so far, outside of dealing with the purely accessory questions referred to it, than to utter platonic vows. But possibly it is temporarily a victim of that excessive good-will, or ambition, that made it welcome to membership all the governments of the globe. Nevertheless, the existence of such a body is promising, no matter how feeble it may be. It has the value of a principle. We need only compare the meetings at Geneva with the old sessions at The Hague to recognize the progress we have made. And more characteristic, and more important than formal results, are the tone of the speeches and the atmosphere prevailing at the League's sessions.

But when we consider changing the attitude of the masses toward their former enemies, or even toward some of their former allies, we recognize how helpless our rulers are, as soon as they break step with the rank and file whom they are supposed to lead. A federation of Europe will never be brought about by the good-will of a few people. Renouvier said wisely: 'Governments are not ordinarily capable of practising virtues that are not well established among the governed. It is impossible to have a general peace without a public sentiment exacting general peace.'

No statement could be truer. But may we not add that 'a public sentiment exacting general peace' is precisely what we see evolving at the present time. Never before has the word 'peace' been uttered and printed as often as during the last few years. Some may object that this peace is a mere word, 'empty as the wind.' No, words are symbols, and when they are repeated over and over they become still more — the incentives of movements. Are not propaganda and publicity, which have become so appallingly effective in the modern world, based on the power of words? 'Europe,' 'the European mind,' are words that, with frequent repetition, promise to create in the people who inhabit our continent a real, if vague, desire for concord and mutual understanding.

Notwithstanding the opposition even this vague ideal encounters, it is already sufficiently precise for us to draw a line between those who serve it and those who combat it. We speak of a writer as European and of another writer as not European. This is by no means a distinction based on talent. Maurice Barrès and d'Annunzio, who occupy an honorable place in European letters, are not what the public calls European authors. The case of Kipling — and of Verhaeren — is more doubtful. Before the war the last two would have been classed as Europeans without hesitation. But Anatole France, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Maeterlinck, Romain Rolland, Wells, Shaw, and Miguel de Unamuno, for example, are Europeans beyond doubt or question.

Evidently such a classification lacks strictness, for its guiding principle is ill defined. Some names might be placed in both categories, and that fact is itself instructive. It is typical of our present epoch. It reflects the mobility of our anxious times. We can follow in certain great literary works the progress, the hesitancy, and the new advances of this principle. We can read as on the register of a balance the oscillations in the minds of the writers, their uncertainties, the cautious weighing of arguments pro and con in conscientious hearts.

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Often we can catalogue an author as a European even though he has not directly expressed his adhesion to a Europe one and indivisible, composed of nations coöperating in the pursuit of culture and the furtherance of a common ideal. It will be enough if he has not definitely opposed this idea or betrayed latent hostility to it. Nothing could be more elastic. Turning to the past, Goethe would rank as a high type of European, while his contemporary and compatriot Schiller would seem more specifically German.

But since in our day the governed control the governors, since public opinion rules, it is upon public opinion that we must work. And we may say, to those who accuse us of pursuing a Utopia, that four hundred years ago — though to be sure in the intellectual rather than in the political sphere — something analogous to what we call to-day the European mind did exist. This was the humanism of the Renaissance, a sort of international communion in the life of the ancient world. Latin, as everyone knows, was at that time the spoken language of educated people everywhere. What could be more inspiring than the pilgrimages that students and artists then made to the shrines of knowledge and of beauty — their friendships, their correspondence, the high intercourse among distinguished men, the perpetual interchange of the best that they possessed? We have pronounced the name of Goethe, but, going further back to the dawn of the sixteenth century, is there a more perfect model of a great 'European' than the Hollander Erasmus?

Someone may reply that humanism was never more than a spiritual brotherhood, and that, even assuming that it could be revived to-day, there would still be the inseparable task of extending this spirit from the academic to the political sphere. That is obvious. We do not pretend that the task would be easy. We are keenly aware of the power of error. We would not affirm offhand that there would be no more wars in Europe. Unhappily, how could we? But we believe in the force of an ideal, and our faith is the stronger because that ideal is making progress notwithstanding all our present-day discouragements and disappointments. The humanists fraternized in olden times in their knowledge of ancient letters. But was not the ancient culture that they revered merely the first brilliant flowering of the European mind? Our gardens to-day bear many blossoms, each of which is an additional reason for cherishing that garden. Can we not bestow the same care and devotion on its manifold beauties that an earlier age bestowed on its single flower? Can we sons of Europe not learn that, whatever our nationality, we are the common heirs and the joint guardians of a sacred trust — Western civilization?

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ON THE RIF FRONT[1]

BY EL. PRÊTRE

Our battalion arrived very late last night. Reveille sounded at three o'clock this morning, and we fell in at four o'clock, before it was fairly light. The native town was a long, vague, white patch against the slope of the great hill behind us. All roads coming from it were filled by troops, detrained during the night, marching in our direction. Other columns were forming at our camp. All converged on a point ahead of us at the beginning of a trail, where higher officers assigned men and mules as they filed past their final place in the combined column.

First came the proud-faced spahis, accompanied by Manghasnian Moors, each horseman wrapped in a great blue burnoose. The latter are semiregular gendarmes. These were followed by the infantry, led by two battalions of Morocco skirmishers — savage warriors who had been in the field for years, childlike, primitive fellows, who jealously kept with them all their booty — mules, sheep, and cattle, emaciated by long marching. Next an interminable mountain battery filed past. Everything was carried on pack mules — four mules for a gun, without counting the ammunition. Our battalion of the Foreign Legion next joined the procession. Compared with the other troops, we certainly hold the record for slovenliness — unshaven, scraggly bearded faces, haggard weather-beaten features, ragged and fearfully filthy uniforms. We have n't had a wash day for ages. But everyone is cheerful, despite loss of sleep. There is a constant interchange of repartee between the different troops: North African skirmishers from Algiers, European colonials, Senegalese, another mountain battery, a group of Annamese, a detachment of automobile repair-men, a Bat'd'Af' — the whole mélange of the African army. Rough pleasantries are bandied back and forth in all the languages of Europe and the Black Continent, mingled in a sort of army pidgin. The French joke the skirmishers, who respond in barbarous patois. Whole companies break out into shouts of laughter. Other peals of laughter are provoked by the original get-up of the skirmishers, particularly the Moors'. Some wear great native straw hats picked up on a battlefield, or captured embroidered leather nose-bags, in place of caps. Scrawny little burros jostle past laden with unhappy chickens tied by their feet in bundles.

'Ah, the — ! They've got a better chance than we have.'

'*Gibt!*' a German legionary shouts.

'*Gib nix verrah!*' shouts back a skirmisher, an old Moorish veteran.

The Senegalese pass — sorry-looking, homesick lads, their faces covered with symmetrical tattoo-marks. They suffer from cold in the morning and from heat during the day. Many have wrapped their heads completely in their blankets.

'So, Goubi, you don't feel good? You got cold feet?'

They roll black eyes toward us and shout back an answering insult: 'You cow, dirty Legionary!'

We are left alone a moment by the side of the trail, between two rows of

[1] From *Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal-Democratic daily), *June* 27, 30

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aloes and cacti hedging in the queer, half-wild gardens that surround the town. Then we fall in, gradually gaining the open country. Valleys and hills alternate interminably. Our trail trends toward the east, skirting a long range of mountains, following a larger valley that turns and twists without end. Farther east lies a chaos of jagged peaks — what the soldiers call *un fouillis de pitons*. The whole country is green and yellow. The mountain-crests are gray. It is a rich, deceptive land. We march on and on, with the automatic unconscious march of the soldier. For a time it is almost chilly, until the sun, red and already burning hot, suddenly appears between two lines of hills.

We march and we march. The sun grows hotter. The heat seems to focus in the bottom of the valley. At a turn in the trail the men cheer, for we can see in front and behind us the long line of troops and pack animals winding through the golden fields without either the front or the rear in sight.

All at once the first sound of firing. Two shots; then a volley; then the uninterrupted music of the *tacoos*, as the soldiers say. That word is the exact onomatopœia of the reports of their old rifles — the crack of the gun, the arrival of the bullet — *tac-oo*! We forget the heat, load our guns, and nibble a piece of bread.

All the neighboring heights are guarded by partisans — that is to say, native tribesmen who are fighting on the side of the French against their own people. They are clustered in little groups, each crouched in the shade of the highest tree on its ridge. They march barefooted, clothed in a single burnoose, their hands clutching their rifles. One of them stands in the centre of a small party orating endlessly.

A moment later the head of the column halts and spreads out, just before it reaches the summit of a ridge rather loftier than the rest, which from where we are looks like a nearly straight line with an almost imperceptible sag between the two hills. Skirmishers advance toward the hill on the left. They deploy in squads, each of which advances in single file, followed by its pack mules carrying machine-guns and ammunition. When we reach the ridge we are ordered to deploy on the right. Our company does so immediately, just under the crest. Two platoons, including my own, are ordered in advance. To the right of us we see two other companies of the battalion going into the same formation. Partisans take their posts between us. They seem embarrassed by our presence and are perfectly silent. A moment later we are surrounded by a mob of scrambling mules belonging to a mountain battery that takes position a few yards in front of us. Our two machine-guns — for every company carries its own machine-guns in Morocco — move forward to the same line, together with our battalion howitzers.

But the enemy has got our range. Bullets begin to whistle past. Tiny clouds of dust rise around us.

All the guns on the ridge in front of us open fire. Staff officers gallop hither and thither. The spahis are still massed on the trail part way down the slope, but the Moorish infantry and the partisans, moving forward quickly and stealthily, slip rapidly over the summit of the ridge and scatter in advance. New swarms of bullets whistle and crackle past our ears. The lieutenant commanding our company — a stalwart, phlegmatic Corsican — walks forward to the summit, followed by several noncommissioned officers. He points out the objectives with his cane — three successive peaks.

Our turn comes directly. Behind us the long thin column, still extending

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out of sight, pushes forward, opening like a fan as it ascends the ridge on which we are stationed. A second echelon is formed, supporting us. The hills on both our flanks are guarded by partisans whose white silhouettes stand out clearly against the blue sky.

A sound of shrill whistles and terse commands. Our lieutenant simply says 'Op!' The bad five minutes of waiting is over. Now the fight starts. The battalion of skirmishers and the battalion of the Legion advance simultaneously. Split up into a number of little files, they cross the summit in excellent order. *Tac-oo, tac-oo!* The little fellows trot lightly on, reach the bottom of a ravine, and begin to ascend the hill beyond. 'Look out for the trees, for the aloes,' shout the sergeants and corporals and the old soldiers. Then begins the slow ascent of the first peak. Here we are sheltered a moment from the enemy fire. Then we take the second and the third, which is only a prolongation of the second. The slopes are frightfully steep. On our right and left little columns move forward on a line parallel with our own. We see them disappear in depressions and reappear on the hillsides. Small shells of the sixty-fives screech over our heads. They explode with a sharp crack. There is also a constant rattle of machine-guns.

When we reach the last summit we find the spahis there ahead of us. They have left their horses in a sheltered spot and have crept up through the brush. Someone shouts: '*Labess spahis?*' — 'Are those the spahis advancing?' They answer: '*Spahis, labess toujours*' — 'Spahis are always advancing.' Since we are the spearhead of the attack, we halt cautiously and garrison the peak with our two platoons. Squads of infantry and machine-gunners arrive in quick succession. First two machine-guns are set up, followed a few moments later by two pieces of mountain artillery. Lookouts are posted a little in advance.

There is now a pause in the attack. On the left, along the flank of the main range, our advance has halted in front of a large village, which they are bombarding with artillery. We see the revolting tribesmen running away one by one, firing as they go. But what remains there hidden behind those aloe hedges? On the right the two other companies to our battalion have likewise taken up positions on the summits of small peaks a little to the rear of our own. Our post is a sort of promontory commanding two great canyons and the neighboring summits, so that our view sweeps the whole line of battle. Hasty preparations are made for the next leap forward. Every field glass scans the country intently. Suspected points are indicated to the artillery. One, two, sometimes three, shells, and the *bicots*, realizing they are discovered, take to hurried flight and vanish in some ravine, while the machine-guns and the rifles harry them. For nearly an hour the whole country to the right and the left and ahead of us is searched by our guns. By that time there are no tacoos in reply. The zone is clear of the enemy.

A colonel appears at our post and informs us that we are waiting until a mounted company of the Legion has finished relieving a blockhouse a considerable distance to the east, and until the partisans have entered the village on the left. We all turn our eyes toward this *douar*, where we already see the white burnooses stealthily creeping up through every ravine and gully, keeping under cover of the hedges. Suddenly the whole village begins to burn everywhere at once. Great spirals of roaring flame, such as I never saw before, leap up twice the height of the houses, and are capped by long, fantastic, twisting columns of black smoke.

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Thereupon the whole line begins to advance once more. We prudently fire a few trench bombs into the ravine immediately ahead. It is frightfully deep. We descend as if we were going down a ladder. At the bottom is a rivulet bordered by green vegetation — a little oasis of cool verdure. The men drink the water, though it is muddy and oily. Two of our platoons encounter a regular wall of thorns six or eight feet high. In a minute the men are dangerously massed together. *Tac-oo, tac-oo!* As always happens in the Legion, the old soldiers save the situation. 'Those tacoos don't mean anything. Push on!' a calm voice says. Another vigorous thrust and a passage is cleared. Then we recover our formation — two parallel files in advance, a third between us and a little to the rear. The ascent is as steep as the descent. We reach a barley field, where the heat is heavy and suffocating.

Ten A.M. A second echelon, coming up behind, has occupied our first position. Our company on the right enters the ravine. Machine-guns rattle. Little shells fly overhead. It takes about an hour to advance from one peak to the next. Each succeeding summit is higher than its predecessor, for we are working up the valley. The mountain-chain on the left grows suddenly higher. A village on the right is likewise set on fire. We move forward merrily. Already the two advance posts we are to relieve are visible ahead of us.

But what has happened? We suddenly hear cries of 'Halt! Halt!' on every side. We have reached a peak where we can look only toward the right, into a deep little valley where a few scattered fugitives are visible here and there. We are stalled.

There is nothing to do but to make our way toilsomely back to the point whence we started.

We discover that the Riffians, who have come to raise the neighboring tribes against us, are offering no resistance. They have simply slipped across the great mountain-chain on the left into another valley, where they can move far more rapidly than we can.

We must go there. The partisans are already on the cross trail, but we, with all our mules and equipment, cannot follow them. We must redescend to the main valley and then repeat the whole morning's operation once more.

Ah, the long hours of marching along trails fairly incandescent in the burning sun, through air that stings with heat like the blast from a furnace! The dizzy somnolence of men who have not had sleep! The fatigue that stiffens the tautened muscles!

At 6 P.M. we reach the mouth of the other valley, in quite open country. Up this valley we march. What is that ahead? Far in the distance, at the valley head, a high ridge curtains the view. Beyond it are massive peaks. More artillery shots. A battery in front of us has taken a position. Aviators are flying low in the ruddy rays of the setting sun, to which the flames of a burning douar add their lurid glow.

Now we must begin over again the whole operation of the day. Another fight, probably with fresh fighters.

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PEONIES AND EARTHQUAKES IN JAPAN[1]

BY LEOPOLD WINKLER

YESTERDAY my neighbor in the large villa next to us gave me a pressing invitation to come and see his flowers, which he described as very rare and beautiful. It is a fine day; why not step over?

In front of the low broad gate of carved bamboo stands a little group of ricksha men, gardeners, and mechanics engaged in lively gossip. When I appear they nudge each other, stop talking, and smile broadly. One of them runs inside. A moment later a young man rushes out of the garden. He wears a well-fitting cutaway, patent-leather shoes, and a cravat with a sparkling scarfpin. His hat is thrust back upon his neck and his waistcoat is open. His flushed face glows with excitement that his eyes vainly seek to share.

'Monsieur! Monsieur!' he repeats, grasping me by the arm and shaking my hand enthusiastically. I am glad to know him, but confess that unfortunately I do not speak French. That only increases his volubility, to which he now adds extremely vivacious Gallic gestures. Flowers and sake have evidently made him slightly effervescent.

A moment later the proprietor of the villa appears, advancing through the garden with somewhat wavering dignity. I see from his embarrassed greeting that yesterday's invitation was merely conventional politeness. Hastily shoving the *parlez-vous* boy aside, he leads us in.

[1] From the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Liberal daily), *June* 21–25

This is no cherry-blossom show. In the first place, cherry blossoms are long out of season; in the second place, every Nakamura or Ito has them in abundance. No, we are to see only cool, haughty, aristocratic peonies. They harmonize perfectly with the villa and its surroundings, standing in formal ranks, each under its own straw roof. The plants have an air of haughty aloofness. Some are short, some are tall. Each bears evidence of infinite, painstaking grooming. They are no ordinary 'Easter roses,' as we call them in Europe. In the first place, they are astonishingly big, many of them so large that a person could bury his hand amid their petals. In the second place, they possess an unexampled glory of coloring. Some are pale ivory-white, others rose pink, still others rich yellow or glowing red. Most wonderful of all, however, are some of a deep claret color with a peculiar ruby radiance, which nod gracefully in the wind and fascinate the eye. The fertile black soil affords just the right background for their beauty. Easter showers have bedewed them with freshness, and the high gray clouds detract nothing from their brilliance. Perfect flower weather!

A great forest of low evergreens murmurs in the wind. A crane lifts his melancholy call from somewhere in the distance. The sea's moan reaches my ears from just behind a dilapidated wall. Colors and sounds overmaster me. With what art these people manage to convert all nature into decoration!

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While I am paying awkward compliments to my host, an elderly gentleman with a remarkably broad mouth and tiny slits of laughing eyes rushes up, bows double, bows more than double again, and laughs. He plucks my sleeve, and without saying a word leads the other gentlemen and myself to a tiny improvised arbor. There he points to a bench and indicates, by doing so himself, that we are to be seated, never ceasing to smile and to bob his head up and down as he does all this. This accomplished, he produces a huge silver-plated coffeepot and tiny little — inconceivably diminutive — glasses, like those we sometimes see in children's toy-sets. He fills these dainty objects with bright lager beer out of the silver coffeepot. With it he serves apples cut in quarters and swimming in salt water. A maid bustles in bringing soft little cakes. I smile politely and accept this hospitality. The coffeepot has performed its service. The beer is cold, but all the foam has vanished from it in disgust.

The flowers exhale a radiance of fragrant beauty. The young elegant tries to tell us with a great exhibition of enthusiasm something about a *belle*, whose history we unfortunately cannot follow. Our host tells us the ages of different plants in decades. The silent little manikin of an old man watches us, hopping with delight, while we drink. The evergreens murmur in the breeze. It is Easter, the season of flowers — so *prosit!*

While we sip our tiny tumblers of beer, the sound of drums and stringed instruments reaches us from the neighboring house, and a deep masculine voice sings with reverberating pathos. Several children run out of the house and gather around us in a circle. What are drums, and singing, and flowers when white men from Europe are on exhibition! Later we are greeted by the lady of the house, a gentle, refined, courteously lisping little woman. Her pallid, sweet-tempered face, her old-style, formal coiffure, her graceful kneeling courtesies, bespeak old-time formality and family discipline. Yet she was formerly a geisha girl in the best quarter of Tokyo. Our host, a very wealthy wholesale merchant, finally married her, and she is the mother of his solitary heir. In return for this honor she never shows him an unfriendly countenance. She sits up patiently for his return at night; she sees that his rice and sake bowl are ever full; she has a change of clothing always laid out awaiting him when he returns. We walk about and admire the flowers.

Last of all, the old grandmother comes out, very aged but remarkably vigorous and vivacious. Her hair, since she is a faithful widow, is cut short. She greets us simply but cordially, takes us by the hand as if we were children, and points out to us with a few motherly words the most beautiful blossoms. The courtesy and thoughtfulness that shine in the kind eyes behind her big spectacles are so spontaneous and sincere that we are really touched.

But lest we outwear our welcome, we prepare to go — an operation that involves many deep obeisances on either side. The French-jabbering young man has not stopped talking one instant since we arrived. He still gesticulates, and the perspiration stands out on his forehead. The old mandarin pats us kindly on the shoulder, winks his eyes, and dances an entire pantomime. Our host apologizes over and over again for having been able to show us so little attention. The drums beat, the chanter of heroic ballads sings with redoubled enthusiasm, the children shout and shriek behind us, the flowers bow stiffly under

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their isolated roofs, and a dark-red leaf flutters down upon my hand.

In front of the gate are hucksters counting up the profits of their morning sales. We leave the main highway and take a narrow path through the sand. Land crabs scurry out of our path with their claws waving in the air, and people are chatting and laughing in the garden. All at once the bamboo hedges cease, the path makes an abrupt descent, and before us spreads the broad, gray, mist-covered ocean.

The twenty-second of May was not different — at least from 8 to 11 A.M. — from any of its predecessors. Soon after seven I was awakened, as I am every morning, by the whistling of the tugs in the harbor. A short quarter of an hour afterward a shrill voice under the window began to call fresh fish. The seller added a strain on a quavering flute to his vocal repertoire to attract customers. Soon the street was alive with hucksters and passing people. Street cars and bicycles brought most of the employees of middle and lower rank to their places of business. Yet this full morning tide of street life quickly began to ebb. When the clock on the Union Church near by struck eight, and the working-day began, the pavements were again silent and deserted, to remain so until ten o'clock, when the ladies go abroad to do their marketing and shopping.

On this twenty-second of May I left my hotel immediately after breakfast, and took an electric car to one of the suburbs, where it stopped at the foot of the funicular railway to the summit of Maya-san Hill. From the summit of this hill, some one thousand feet above the town below, there is an excellent view over the fourth-largest city in Japan, and of a considerable fragment of the Inland Sea. A typical Asiatic spring day was promised; that is, a temperature any European would associate with a hot mid-August. Not a breath of air was stirring and there were minutes when you could drop the proverbial needle on the ground and hear it strike. After I had visited the temple on Maya-san, I decided to make a detour through a little fishing-village on the coast on my way back to Kobe.

The swallows flew so low over the fields that I could almost grasp them with my hand. An old, sickly, scrubby dog lay sunning itself in front of a solitary tea-house. When I passed, he rose with an effort and slunk after me for a few steps, until I drove him back. It gradually came over me that there was something mysterious and portentous in the air. The sultriness was stifling. I had a vague presentiment, such as I used to have when a schoolboy, of coming trouble. Naturally I did not know what was thus boding, but imagined bad news awaited me at the hotel.

Nothing of that sort occurred. I went to the bank and then to the German bookstore on the second floor of the brick building opposite, where I had a sort of tacit understanding with the proprietor that I might look over his new books when they arrived. So it happened that I was immersed in a volume of improbable adventures, — I believe it was the war reminiscences of General Hoffman, — when my attention was attracted by a strange rumbling sound. It was as if a heavily laden truck were speeding over a rough pavement. Then the windows began to rattle. A tumbler upon a writing-table near by started to dance most unaccountably. I looked up. The hanging lamps were swinging in longer and longer arcs. As I sprang up to look out the window, the door opened and a young man rushed past me crying: 'Yokohama! Earthquake!'

By this time the floor was undulating

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under my feet, and as I am anything but an acrobat, I promptly fell full length. Hastily summoning my scanty earthquake lore, I rushed downstairs three steps at a time, and out of doors.

Earthquake experts told me later that if it had been a bad shock I should have rushed to my death, for falling bricks and beams always accumulate at a doorway. My experience tells me, however, that you feel much better on such occasions out in the open air. I ran to a great tree standing at a street corner where there were only low one-story houses. There, after what seemed a long lapse of time but actually was not more than a minute and a half, I collected my wits and drew a deep breath. The street was crowded with people. An American acquaintance of mine stood calmly lighting his pipe. When I saw that, I felt reassured. By my side was a group of Japanese bank employees laughing hysterically. Their hilarity angered me. I felt an impulse to box their ears. But as all the Japanese, as far as I could see, were also laughing in the same senseless way, I decided that it was no use to take umbrage at their conduct. Probably it was the right thing to do in earthquakes. A young lady stenographer from a firm near by stood in the midst of a group of employees, clinging in desperate agitation to the arm of her boss. Perhaps that is also the proper thing in case of earthquakes.

Of course, the wiseacres were on the spot. One of them came up to where I was standing to say: 'Saturday — a bad sign. That was the hardest shock we ever had in Kobe, and I have lived here twenty-three years. If we are only on the edge of it, I pity Yokohama. Not a house is standing there; but if we are near the centre, we are going to get another one that will make this one look like child's play. I must go home and see about the children.'

Happily, this prophet was all wrong. The shock was scarcely felt at Tokyo and Yokohama. Nevertheless, Kobe was on the edge of the disturbance. Toyo-oka, a fishermen's town on the Inland Sea, was completely destroyed. A thousand houses were burned and five thousand people killed. Although the seismographic station reported small shocks for eighteen minutes afterward, none of them was perceptible to an ordinary observer; and half an hour later clerks and merchants were again bowed over their balance sheets and invoices.

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MR. JEFFS BUYS A CAR[1]

BY V. H. FRIEDLANDER

MR. JEFFS sat in the largest armchair in the drawing-room, reading three evening papers. That is to say, he read one evening paper, and the other two, stuffed between a ponderous thigh and an arm of the chair, awaited his pleasure, so that the effect — as far as Mrs. and Miss Jeffs were concerned — was exactly the same as if he were reading all three at once.

Mrs. Jeffs sat in the second-largest armchair in the drawing-room, knitting a jumper, awaiting any crumbs of news that might drop from the evening paper via Mr. Jeffs' mouth, and looking — with excellent cause — whatever may be the exact opposite of henpecked.

Miss Jeffs lolled on the chesterfield, listlessly read a novel, and looked as she felt: pretty and unspeakably dull and smoulderingly, impotently rebellious.

In the ordinary way, contemplation of this familiar domestic scene would have given Mr. Jeffs the highest satisfaction, reminding him, as it invariably did, that he, Joshua Jeffs, had risen from the gutter; that his wife and daughter, dependent on him for everything that they ate, drank, wore, and did, yet lacked for nothing which he thought good for them; and that, if they hankered after anything which he did not think good for them, he was both able and willing to deny it.

But on this particular evening, little as his wife and daughter suspected it, Mr. Jeffs had something else to think of than his splendid rise from the gutter; something extremely important and pressingly urgent, and yet something which it gave him almost insuperable difficulty to communicate to them. At one moment he would savagely reflect that nothing would induce him to communicate it; at the next the relentless pressure of that urgency would almost force the words from his mouth. In the end he compromised.

'Bed, mother,' he said, getting up as usual and switching off the light exactly when he had finished his three papers, and quite regardless of the point at which Mrs. Jeffs was thus forced to drop her jumper, and Miss Jeffs her novel. 'Good night, Chrissie.' He kissed his daughter with hearty affection, but called her Chrissie because she hated it, and her name was Christabel. 'Oh, and to-morrow morning, my girl,' he added breezily, and as if by an afterthought, 'don't oversleep yourself. I'm going to take you and mother up to London with me, and we're all going to have a look round the Motor Show, and I would n't be surprised but what I bought a car.'

He left the room to perform the function, sacred to masters of houses, of 'locking up.'

For a moment mother and daughter regarded each other by the flickering firelight, speechlessly. Then a tremulous murmur fell from Mrs. Jeffs. 'You don't think, Chris, dear, do you, that father's *mind* can be giving way?'

Miss Jeffs' pretty eyes flashed: not for nothing did she belong to the younger generation. 'If it is,' she replied ruthlessly, though not loudly,

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *July* 11

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'all I hope is that it goes on doing it till to-morrow night, anyhow.'

They said no more, for each knew very well what series of pictures was passing through the other's astounded mind: Mr. Jeffs discovering that Mrs. and Miss Jeffs were 'making a grievance' of living in the health-giving country because it involved (for them, of course — not for him) a two-mile walk to the station; Mr. Jeffs determining that the grievance was an unreasonable grievance, and that nothing would ever induce him, therefore, to remedy it with a car; Mr. Jeffs further discovering that Mrs. Jeffs had developed an extravagant interest, unauthorized by himself, in societies for the amelioration of the lot of domestic animals, and that Miss Jeffs, equally without permission, was nursing a preposterous project for studying at a London school of art, and that consequently, if he should give way about the car, he would never know a moment's peace again, for one or both of them would be everlastingly coming to town with him, and neglecting those duties to which Providence and Mr. Jeffs had called them; Mr. Jeffs firmly explaining that whenever his neighbor, Mr. Bullett, was unable to give him a lift to and from the station (which he did in return for various recondite financial hints that Mr. Jeffs gave *him*) it was a necessary and indeed meritorious act to ring up the station for a taxi, since that was in the sacred cause of business, but that to enlist a taxi in the frivolous causes of domestic animals and schools of art was a rash, unjustifiable, and, in short, a strictly forbidden extravagance.

Such and many similar pictures, all testifying to the unalterable resolution of Mr. Jeffs never to possess a car, passed in a moment of time through the minds of Mrs. and Miss Jeffs. And then Mr. Jeffs was heard returning from afar, and Miss Jeffs seized the only remaining moment for speech.

'There's more in this, mother,' she opined thoughtfully, 'than meets the eye — '

She was right. For at the great price of a first-class car, Mr. Jeffs was about to purchase his immunity from humiliation, to avoid becoming a laughing-stock.

A threepenny bit. How was it possible for Mr. Jeffs to guess that a mere threepenny bit could give rise to circumstances forcing him to buy a car, and thus to put into the hands of Mrs. and Miss Jeffs the thin edge of a wedge that was going to destroy his domestic supremacy? (For, as he rightly surmised concerning his wife and daughter, once there was a car on the premises, there would be 'no holding them.') Yet so it was, and there was no help for it. A threepenny bit — a booking-office clerk. . . .

From the first Mr. Jeffs had had some sort of a complex about that booking-office clerk at the Liverpool Street Metropolitan. An ignorant lout, he characterized the fellow; one who neither beamed nor blenched when confronted with the striking fact of Mr. Jeffs, but surveyed him (from behind his little grille) woodenly, unadmiringly, quite as if he were no better than himself. Such stupidity exasperated Mr. Jeffs, yet he had to face it daily. For Mr. Bullett, who brought him up from what Miss Jeffs had been known mutinously to describe as 'the wilds of Essex,' could take him no farther. His own office was in London Wall, whereas Mr. Jeffs' was at Westminster. Daily, therefore, at Liverpool Street they parted, and Mr. Jeffs, purchasing a threepenny ticket, concluded his journey by the Metropolitan Railway.

It was usually not far off ten o'clock by then, and the stream of humble City

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workers had ceased to flow, and the booking-office clerk should have been at full liberty to admire and revel in Mr. Jeffs — in his well-fed bulk, his fur coat or light waistcoat (according to the time of year), the obvious signs that he exuded of prosperity and command.

Not the slightest trace of admiration or revelry, however, was at any time to be detected in the gaze of the booking-office clerk; his expression remained blank to a degree that Mr. Jeffs did not recall noticing in any other human countenance. Mr. Jeffs had always suspected a subtle insolence, a positive hostility, behind that blankness. But there was no overt proof that he was right until the day when he laid down at the grille a sixpence for his ticket, and received in return his ticket and a threepenny bit.

Now Mr. Jeffs had no use for threepenny bits. He was a large man and (like his name) rather breathless; a man inclined to be clumsy in his dealings with the multiplicity of his pockets, and consequently to lose coins so inconsiderable as threepenny bits. It was therefore his custom summarily to dismiss threepenny bits from the objects that he permitted to exist in his universe.

'Coppers!' he said sharply to the booking-office clerk, and pushed the threepenny bit back toward him.

'No coppers this morning,' replied the booking-office clerk, surveying him expressionlessly — and did not even trouble to push the threepenny bit back, so that Mr. Jeffs' large hand found some difficulty in retrieving it from under the grille.

He did retrieve it unaided, however (that being the only alternative to asking the booking-office clerk's aid), and went off with it, fuming. And all the way to Westminster he brooded over the incident, until its dimensions assumed alarming proportions.

Of course the booking-office clerk had had coppers! It was absurd to suppose that at that time of the morning, after the spate of travelers, he had had no coppers. It became plain to Mr. Jeffs that the booking-office clerk had deliberately lied to him, deliberately planned a means of annoying him. Worse, there was nothing, as far as Mr. Jeffs could see, to prevent the booking-office clerk from continuing to annoy him with threepenny bits as often as he chose or, at any rate, deemed it safe — now that the fact of their being an annoyance was positively known to him. Yet such a situation would be intolerable. Somehow the booking-office clerk must be deprived of his weapon of annoyance. But how? He could not be reported for insolence simply because he had said he had no coppers, for it could not be proved that he had had coppers. Some other way must be devised.

Mr. Jeffs devised it. With satisfaction amounting to glee he worked out an ingenious and original scheme for confounding the booking-office clerk and putting him permanently in his humble place. The booking-office clerk should learn the lesson that it was dangerous to trifle with Mr. Jeffs. And, when he had thoroughly learned it, and no sooner, Mr. Jeffs would exercise clemency.

In quest of the materials for the lesson, Mr. Jeffs presently rang up his bank, and later in the day paid a visit to it, emerging (not without subsequent ribald speculation on the part of the younger bank clerks as to the amount of his weekly offertory in church) with a paper bag full of threepenny bits. There were, to be precise, eighty of these coins in all — one pound's worth. Mr. Jeffs next bought a pigskin purse large enough to hold them all, and reserved it for their exclusive use in an exclusive pocket.

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Thus armed, he faced the booking-office clerk next morning with majestic equanimity.

'Westminster,' he said, and, taking one threepenny bit out of the purse, laid it down for his ticket.

The booking-office clerk permitted a slight sneer to show above his general air of impassivity. But he said nothing. He accepted the threepenny bit in exchange for a ticket to Westminster, and well did Mr. Jeffs gauge the thought in his mind. To the booking-office clerk Mr. Jeffs' threepenny bit appeared the merest tit-for-tat. He judged that Mr. Jeffs had satisfied a simple and even childish desire for revenge by saving up yesterday's threepenny bit in order to return it to-day. No more than that. But let the booking-office clerk wait. He should see that Mr. Jeffs was made of sterner, less negligible stuff — of such stuff, indeed, as had succeeded in raising him so brilliantly from the gutter. The whole of Mr. Jeffs' prestige, in short, was at stake, and was about to be vindicated by his eighty threepenny bits.

The booking-office clerk (perforce) waited; and on the third morning Mr. Jeffs perceived with gratification that he saw. For there was a momentary hesitation between his reception of the third threepenny bit and his delivery of Mr. Jeffs' ticket — a fact that Mr. Jeffs rightly attributed to his realization that this was no passing squabble, but war to the death.

Grimly, for eighty days, that war continued — Mr. Jeffs making no secret of the pleasure he felt in the extraction of his daily threepenny bit, the booking-office clerk exercising superhuman self-control in his simulation of indifference. Almost Mr. Jeffs could find it in his heart to admire the fellow for taking his medicine as he did. Such self-control, as he recognized, was an invaluable business asset. He had no doubt, anyhow, that the lesson was learned, and that there would be no need to pay another visit to the bank for the replenishment of the pigskin purse. He was quite glad, quite informed with a glow of impending generosity, when he had paid out the eightieth threepenny bit. On the morrow, he decided, he would pay with coppers, as of old, and the booking-office clerk would understand that his punishment, sharp as it had necessarily been, was at an end. Thereafter, if the booking-office clerk behaved (as Mr. Jeffs anticipated) with anything like good sense, he should presently be offered, because of that self-control of his, a job in Mr. Jeffs' own business, holding out prospects of advancement which would make any prospects open to a booking-office clerk look piteous indeed.

On the eighty-first morning, therefore, Mr. Jeffs stood before the grille positively radiating benevolence, and searching his pockets for coppers. There were a great many pockets, and Mr. Jeffs searched all of them. They yielded handkerchiefs and cigars, fountain pens, letters, matchboxes, and gloves, but not a single copper. They did not even yield silver of any kind. It was a most unfortunate chance. However, it only meant that the full revelation of Mr. Jeffs' pacific intentions had to be postponed for twenty-four hours. And meanwhile he would do what he could to prepare the way for it.

'Sorry. Nothing smaller,' he said genially, as he laid a pound note in front of the booking-office clerk. 'Can you manage it?'

The booking-office clerk glanced at the note, and then at him. He could easily have made difficulties *this* time, if he had chosen, Mr. Jeffs reflected — could have declared, with some show of probability, that he had not nineteen

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and ninepenceworth of change. But he did not. He accepted the pound note in silence, and went away with it into secret fastnesses of his domain behind the grille. Mr. Jeffs could hear him there, and the tinkle of the change as he counted it. It was all right, therefore, Mr. Jeffs perceived; the booking-office clerk had recognized his master, and there would never be any more trouble with him. He could safely be offered that job at any time — all the more safely because the memory of this tussle over the threepenny bits would always give Mr. Jeffs a powerful hold over him; for, of course, he would n't want his discomfiture to be known and laughed at.

The booking-office clerk returned with the change. He had been a confoundedly long time, Mr. Jeffs suddenly realized, glancing at the clock. Still, it was his own fault for having no coppers or silver; he was not inclined to be hard on the chap.

And then the thing happened — the nightmare thing that destroyed at a blow the entire fortifications of Mr. Jeffs' life, leaving him from that moment exposed to ceaseless, insidious, triumphant attack on the part of Mrs. and Miss Jeffs.

Out of a canvas bag the booking-office clerk poured Mr. Jeffs' change — a shining heap of small silver coins; in fact, seventy-nine of them. 'I've been saving 'em up for you,' he remarked dryly.

Mr. Jeffs felt like a man drowning. He struggled and sank, and came up choking and gasping as he surveyed that incredible mound of silver. How was it that this appalling possibility had never occurred to him?

'The impudence!' he spluttered. 'The infernal *insolence!*' Then he recollected who he was — and who the pygmy behind the grille was — and snatched at his dignity. 'You'll pay pretty dear for this, my man,' he told the booking-office clerk. 'You're going to lose your job, you know, over this.' (For Mr. Jeffs had by now perceived clearly that the booking-office clerk was 'one of these Bolsheviks.' And the proper treatment for Bolsheviks was undoubtedly starvation.)

'Well, of course, I thought of that,' the booking-office clerk returned, and the arrogance of his glance remained unequaled and unquelled. 'You can get me the sack all right, if you want to. But I reckoned as how you *would n't* want to, considering the way as I've got even with you, Mr. Jeffs. So, if you don't say nothink, I won't, neither.'

Out of all this monstrous and insulting monologue it was two words alone that daunted Mr. Jeffs. He experienced a sinking sensation as he heard them — not his previous drowning sensation, but most unpleasant, for all that. It was a sensation that turned him instantly from a public-spirited citizen about to perform the unwelcome but necessary task of starving a Bolshevik into a trapped mouse. And the two words that had had this extraordinary effect on him were the apparently casual, apparently harmless words, 'Mr. Jeffs.'

But they were not casual, not harmless! The booking-office clerk must have used them with a full knowledge of what their effect would be! 'Mr. Jeffs. . . .' How on earth had the fellow managed to find out his name? An overheard conversation with Bullett? A dropped letter or card? What did it matter? The fact, the pulverizing fact, remained that he knew it, and that, knowing it, he either knew as well, or could easily find out, every other circumstance concerning Mr. Jeffs' business, home, family. . . . He could, in short, give Mr. Jeffs away; he could make him a figure of fun both in Westminster and in the wilds of Essex with the disastrous tale of the threepenny

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bits. There was simply no end to the damage that the booking-office clerk could do him with that tale — if he were not placated.

'You'll hear more of this, my man!' blustered a pitiable Mr. Jeffs, endeavoring to infuse implacability into his voice, as he seized handfuls of threepenny bits and shoveled them into his pockets. '*Much* more you'll hear of it, I promise you!'

But the booking-office clerk was not deceived. He knew that Mr. Jeffs was not implacable at all, but squealing for mercy. So he shrugged and turned away, manifesting the same coolness that he had always manifested. 'Just as you like — Mr. Jeffs,' he replied.

Mr. Jeffs, still breathing deplorably ineffective stage thunder, got himself away from the grille and into the train. And, mercifully, the extent of his disaster only revealed itself to him at intervals and by inches throughout the day.

He would have to overlook the booking-office clerk's outrageous impudence, because the alternative was that he himself would become a laughingstock.

He would never again be able to travel from Liverpool Street to Westminster by the Metropolitan.

He would have to invent some reason — to tell to Bullett — for never again traveling from Liverpool Street to —

Yet how could he do that?

He would have to find some other quick and convenient way of traveling from Liverpool Street to —

But, again, there *was* no other quick and convenient way. Except, of course, taxis. . . .

And, if he was to be at the expense and uncertainty of a taxi every day, he might just as well have — he would have to have —

No, he would n't, then! But, yes, he would *have* to have — a car. . . .

A car! And Mrs. Jeffs always coming up in it with him for her confounded domestic animals. . . . And Miss Jeffs for her school of art. . . .

Oh, yes, of course, he would begin by putting his foot down about both these things. Ninety-nine times he would put his foot down successfully, and the hundredth time they would win. They had nothing to do all day but devise fresh plans for winning. And they would do it. Very shortly he was going to be no longer master in his own house. And all because he had to buy a —

No, no! Not that. He had always said that he would n't have a car, and he would n't, he would n't, he *would n't* have a car! . . .

Yet Liverpool Street . . . Metropolitan . . . Westminster. . . . All forever barred. . . .

So he would either have to retire or buy a car. And, of course, he was n't going to retire. . . .

Yes, there was no doubt about it. It spelled red ruin and the breaking down of the laws of Joshua Jeffs; but he had got to have a car, a car — oh, confound all booking-office clerks and all threepenny bits! — a *car?*

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YELLOW-BACKS[1]

BY W. SNOW

RUMMAGING in an old cupboard the other day I came upon a yellow-backed novel; a good one, too, *The Monks of Thelema*, by Besant and Rice. I soon realized that I had turned out a great many other things besides material odds and ends. A host of memories of years ago came crowding into my mind, memories of sunny railway stations, — I forget the gloomy ones, — of bookstalls, with what would now seem very few papers on the counter, but with shelves crowded with yellow novels, each with a wooden but exciting picture on the back, the ancestor of the modern 'jacket'; of furtive reading of Miss Braddon and Ouida; of hot afternoons in the garden, and cosy winter evenings by the drawing-room fire; of friends long ago dead who shared my tastes in fiction; in short, of much of my boyhood.

In the eighties you either borrowed three-volume novels from the circulating libraries, or bought Yellow-backs for two shillings. According to my recollection there was no other way of obtaining light reading, for the six-shilling cloth-bound novel, at four-and-six net, did not appear until about 1893.

And around the Yellow-back there hung a distinct flavor of impropriety. In really serious houses it was forbidden altogether, and even the less strait-laced looked on it askance. 'Why are you wasting your time on a trashy novel when there are so many good things to read?' parents would say to a youth or maiden engaged in the perusal of some captial story by, say, James Payn. And the culprit did not laugh, as he or she would now, and grow sarcastic about 'back numbers,' an appropriate metaphor, but mumbled the best excuse that could be mustered, and escaped to a more congenial locality as soon as possible. In fact, it was advisable to put a decent covering of brown paper over the glaring boards, in the hope that if you were not fortunate enough to avoid the parental eye in your corner on a winter night you might even be commended for taking care of your books. As for Sundays, I dare not contemplate the consequences of being caught with a novel or newspaper on that day. It simply never occurred to me to run the risk.

Probably at public schools in these days of freedom there is little interference with the reading of the boys, but at my school there was a fairly strict censorship, of course with the result that the works of Ouida and Miss Braddon were secretly passed from hand to hand, and read with the joy which attaches to the doing of anything that is strictly forbidden. Ouida, perhaps, deserved all the disapproval she received, — wherein exactly lay her impropriety I have long forgotten, — but poor Miss Braddon! Lady Audley certainly dropped her husband down a well, but what of that? Surely the most natural thing for any woman to do — in a novel. Anyhow, that fatal adventure, which became celebrated even among those who had never read the book, con-

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *June* 26

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demned all her later multitudinous and innocuous works.

And James Payn, and Besant and Rice, how good they were! Do you remember *Ready-Money Mortiboy* and *The Golden Butterfly*, almost classics? And how they were enjoyed, when they came out in cloth boards at three-and-six, even by seriously minded folk, who would read a novel now and then, if it was n't 'trashy'? (It is curious that there is plenty of 'trash,' but nothing 'trashy' except novels.) Then there was Mrs. Hungerford, authoress of *Mollie Bawn* and *Portia, or By Passions Rocked*. There's a title to make anyone's mouth water! What her books were about escapes me, but I remember that her narrative was always in the historical present. James Grant, author of *The Ross-shire Buffs*, the military novelist, was a delight; but the king of all Yellow-backs was Wilkie Collins, of *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone*, which has one of the best plots in the world. But these two books are classics and perhaps had no business to wear the yellow livery, which was the mark of the 'best sellers' of the time, though the term had not yet been invented.

It would be an interesting study to try to discover whether any of the works of recognized immortals ever appeared in the disreputable dress. I have a vague impression that I first read Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights* in a Yellow-back. If so, it was the only one; and one cannot imagine *Middlemarch* or *Diana of the Crossways* in so frivolous a garb. But, speaking of the rank and file of Yellow-backs, a hardened novel-reader of more years than he cares to count may be pardoned for suspecting that they were every bit as good as their outspoken successors, the 'best sellers,' which are read everywhere without even the most maidenly of maiden aunts turning a hair.

Chatto and Windus were the chief purveyors of Yellow-backs, but Smith and Elder, now, alas, no more, and Ward, Lock, and Tyler, kept their ends up creditably; and no doubt there were others. But I do not believe that the great houses of Macmillan, and Longman, and John Murray ever condescended to fill their coffers at the expense of their dignity.

What killed the Yellow-back? It was not the much-lamented 'Sevenpenny,' which I fear has also gone for ever, since that was a development of the twentieth century. Perhaps a more educated popular taste revolted against the crude and garish hue. Perhaps the increased spending-power of the reading public demanded something with a look of greater permanence. And what has become of them all? 'Where are the snows of yesteryear?' Are they, like mine, immured in forgotten cupboards, or have they found their way to the dark recesses of secondhand bookshops, or have they all been consigned by the wagonload to the pulper? Anyhow, for old times' sake, I shall read my *Monks of Thelema* again, and then reserve an honored place for it in my bookshelves. And I shall go on digging in cupboards. Who knows but that I may be rewarded by finding even a lower depth than the Yellow-back — namely, a shilling shocker of bygone days, perhaps *Called Back*, or, if my luck is in, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab?*

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THE ACTORS OF PARIS[1]

BY PHILIP CARR

It has been said that in Lucien Guitry has gone the last of a great generation of French actors, and in a sense it is true. He was, however, rather the first of a new generation than the last of an old one. Although Sarah Bernhardt was sixteen years his senior, and he began his career when she was about to resign from the Comédie Française, most playgoers will think of him as forming part of that galaxy which was first broken up by the deaths of the two brothers Coquelin, aîné and cadet, in 1909, of Mounet-Sully in 1916, of Réjane in 1920, and, still more recently, of Sarah herself and of de Max. And yet Lucien Guitry was certainly not an actor of the old school. His naturalism and restraint and rigid economy of means place him rather as the first of the moderns. Indeed, he may almost be said to have invented a way of acting which consisted rather in representing a man in the process of working out his thoughts, which the audience must divine from a careful observation of minute externals, than the grandiose revelation of those thoughts themselves. This is perhaps only another way of saying that modern acting, like most of the modern arts, has temporarily abandoned the heroic method for the naturalistic, and that if this acting is newer than that which immediately preceded it, one need only go back to David Garrick to find it in the past.

Certainly Guitry did not belong to the heroic school — nor, indeed, did Réjane. On one side of him he was a great character-actor. He was not one of those whom some playgoers, meaning to criticize, but in reality putting into an artistic category which has its own triumphs, describe as being 'always themselves.' On another side of him he had a quite definite creed of naturalism, which he not only expressed in his own acting, but enforced in that inspiring work as a stage manager which, although he was never officially a teacher at the Conservatoire, makes almost all the young French actors speak of him to-day as their master. He was not for fine frenzies. Like Coquelin, he justified in himself and preached to others the truth of the Diderot paradox, that the actor should always be serenely conscious of the effect which he produces and the means which he employs. What he conceived that those means should be may be guessed from his saying that the first rule should be always to do 'what an actor would never do on any account.'

Who are the artists of the French stage whom he has left behind and done so much to inspire? There are one or two — a very few — who belong to the older school that he put out of date. Silvain, that sturdy veteran and doyen of the Français, can hardly be imagined on the stage in modern trousers, and belongs emphatically to those who like 'a toga and me legs free,' but he is 74, and Guitry was only 65. De Feraudy, who is 66, is more in sympathy with Guitry's art, as his remarkable performance of the old financier in *Les Affaires Sont les Affaires* is enough to show. His successes have been almost

[1] From the *Observer* (London moderate Sunday paper), *June* 7

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entirely in the contemporary repertory, and he hands on the succession of Got, whose pupil he was. Le Bargy, who has returned to the Comédie Française since the war, is 67, which does not prevent his still occasionally appearing as the Marquis de Priola, the most famous of the long series of irresistible heroes of modern and classic comedy, in which, during the twenty years from 1883, he centred upon the Français all the Paris enthusiasm for the nice conduct of a clouded cause.

Raphaël Duflos, who is also 67, is another veteran of the Français, who plays in heroic as well as in modern comedy; and Albert Lambert, fils, the son of a famous tragedian of the same name, although only 60, belongs to the older school, and is one of the few survivors of those who can suitably interpret a tragic part. Georges Berr is not yet 60, but is also in the old tradition, which he keeps alive, not only in his own interpretation of the clowns of Molière, but in his stage management of the whole series of Molière comedies.

These are the old brigade of the Comédie. First among the younger men is Alexandre, who, although he plays the heroes of the classic repertory, is essentially a modern actor, and has a virile avoidance of sentimentality, and even a certain apparent emotional insensitiveness, which links him directly with Lucien Guitry. He is admired in the whole range of the lovers of the plays of Porto-Riche and Henry Bataille. Jean Hervé is more definitely associated with such parts as Hippolyte in *Phèdre* and the other rôles of the classical repertory, which he interprets well for a period when there are no tragic actors and the tragedy classes of the Conservatoire are without candidates. Pierre Fresnay, on the other hand, has a far more delicate sense of poetry, though he is handicapped by his small size for the heroic *emplois*. In romantic comedy Joubé is bravely carrying on the tradition as Hernani and Ruy Blas.

The chief talent of the Comédie Française of this generation, however, is in pure comedy. There is Denis D'Inès, with a remarkable fantastic incisiveness in the character parts of Molière and of modern authors. There is Brunot, who is taking the succession of the Molière clowns with a merry freedom which has learned something from the manner of the Fratellini. There is Bernard, whose comfortable proportions and genial temperament are giving new life of another kind to some of Molière's leading characters.

Reputations last long at the Comédie Française, but it would not be hard to find in the boulevard theatres actors who still hold the public and date further back than Lucien Guitry. There is Huguenet, who played for so many years with Réjane, and Tarride, another old colleague of Réjane, who is a younger man. There are those who made up the wonderful company at the Variétés before the war, and are now playing leading parts in other theatres. Their veteran is Brasseur, the typical representative of the sprightly and gayly cynical man about town, whose good-humored smile can still win applause.

Another of them is Max Dearly, inexhaustibly fertile in comic invention, and so Anglophile that he is always translating English farces as well as running race horses. Others, again, are Prince, who now devotes most of his time to films, and Baron, fils. At the Palais Royal there is Le Gallo, who has been winning laughs by hiding behind bedroom doors at the same theatre for nearly twenty years, and continues to maintain its excellent farcical tradition. At the Théâtre Michel, or some one or other of the little bandboxes, you can sometimes see Harry Baur as the disillusioned but benevolent rich lover, and if you do, you will see one of the

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finest and most subtle actors in Paris, who is now unfortunately giving more of his time to producing plays than to acting. At another of the comedy theatres you will also find Signoret, perhaps the best character-actor now living in Paris. It is a pity that he is so rarely seen in a part worthy of his remarkable powers. Another actor of great talent, although upon a far lower plane than Signoret, is a comedian called Levesque, who usually plays in farce. Both of these men are, however, far from the manner of Guitry. Even Signoret, though his effects are never forced, has a picturesque quality and a certain flamboyant tendency which place him in quite another school.

For something of the Guitry restraint, within a very limited comedy range, you must turn to the work of a man like André Lefaur, now a member of the Variétés company, where he plays such parts as those of the tall and impassive Englishman of so many modern French plays. Another very accomplished actor of a rather older generation, and a light-opera singer as well, is Jean Périer, who gave an admirable performance in *Ciboulette* at the Variétés and also in a recent play of Sacha Guitry.

Of Sacha Guitry himself I say nothing. He is more an author who writes parts to suit his definite but limited talents than an actor. I say nothing of Gémier either, for to-day he is far less of an actor than a manager. I say nothing of a fashionable hero and matinée idol like André Brulé, who has never been a notable artist, nor of a sound but undistinguished actor like Pierre Magnier, who must by now have played Cyrano de Bergerac some thousands of times. Victor Boucher is a light comedian of real talent, who can get all the possible point out of such witty lines as those of Robert de Flers; and Louis Jouvet is a fantastic character-actor of an admirable sense of comic effect, as he showed in *Knock*, and especially in *Malbrouck*.

Then there is a whole group of low comedians who have worked themselves up through the severe schooling of the café concerts and the music-halls, instead of acquiring their training, as almost every actor that I have mentioned has done, through the classes of the Conservatoire. The first of these is Raimu, whose tall stature and sepulchral voice have an irresistible comic quality, and who has passed through the music-hall period to become a member of the Variétés company. There are Dranem and Boucot and Dorville, who are seen only in revues, but certainly deserve to be included among the best French actors of to-day.

Indeed, in considering the artistic quality of the actors, it is necessary to separate it rigorously from that of the work which they interpret. Some of the theatres which produce what is most interesting in the modern dramatic movement do so with actors whose capacities are very limited. Jouvet himself, at the Comédie des Champs-Élysées, is an exception, as is Lugné-Poe himself — a most finished and excellent actor — at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. But it is the plays which he produces rather than his acting which attract audiences to Charles Dullin's Théâtre de l'Atelier, and the same may be said of Pitoeff at the Théâtre des Arts. Madame Pitoeff is, of course, one of the most delightful actresses in Paris, but I must leave the ladies to a further article.

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HERITAGE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

[*Cornhill Magazine*]

My mother's great-grandmother
A lass from Devon came;
Her little body is dust so long,
I've nigh forgotten her name.

Her wistful legend only
Has stood the wrack of years,
How always at the summer's flood
Her laughter broke to tears;

She'd blunder with her baking,
Her stitches ran uneven;
She'd droop above her churn and sigh,
'Ah me, it's June in Devon!'

It made a family byword
Long after she was dead;
'As fine as June in Devonshire,'
Her children's children said.

Across the world I journeyed
One year, as summer came,
And stumbled on her little heart
Who had forgotten her name,

And found beyond refuting
What made that crooked seam,
What burned the biscuits in their prime,
And spoiled the mellow cream.

Oh, little great-grandmother,
The dream that bound your brow
Has touched my own unwitting eyes —
It's June in Devon now!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE DAYTON MONKEY BUSINESS

EUROPE, and especially England, was amused and delighted by the Scopes evolution trial while it lasted; and the further progress of the case is being watched with an interest which is quite as lively as it is malicious. To behold the shrewd Yankee — in foreign eyes there is no difference between one part of the United States and another — fighting the battles of belief that were over and done with decades ago causes the average British journalist acute pleasure; and the Continental papers, so far as they have commented on the case at all, have mainly followed the British lead.

In most of the comment there is a tone of condescension and patronage that would be infuriating if it were not amusing. European journalists are no better scientists than others, and American scientific workers of an earlier generation — men like Gray, Cope, Marsh, King, and Leidy — are quite unknown to the gentleman of the press who comment so airily upon Yankee backwardness. Nor does there seem to be much more acquaintance with the contributions to knowledge being made by the American laboratories of the present.

The *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, alone comments on the immense differences in intellectual level that characterize the various portions of these United States.

Even the *Manchester Guardian* begins an article: —

> Only by going to America, it seems, can we escape the modern world. While Americans have to come to us for old-fashioned places, we have to go to them for old-fashioned ideas. Driven out from their European paradise, our first parents are making their last stand across the Atlantic. Adam and Eve have joined the Pilgrim fathers and mothers. For America alone is still loyal to Mid-Victorianism.

Nature, the great scientific journal, prints a symposium by celebrities ranging from the Bishop of Birmingham ('The normal educated Christian in Great Britain regards the process of evolution as the machinery by which God has created man') to Sir E. Ray Lankester, who suggests a possible boycott of shackled universities.

A writer in the *Observer* who only recently returned from America describes the trial as 'the most astonishing example so far known of farcical comedy in the law courts,' and thinks that

> a word, finally, should be said upon Fundamentalism as a social portent. It is not an isolated phenomenon — far otherwise. America since the war has been the prey of a multiple terror: fear of the European alien, the Negro, the Asiatic; of Radicalism, Labor, Bolshevism. Harassed by the prophets of woe, scared by the hundred-headed demon of Propaganda, the good American citizen conceives a dread of every sort of modernism. And in Tennessee, particularly, he is at the moment taking it out of an English avatar of Antichrist — Charles Darwin.

Sir Arthur Shipley, the zoölogist, who is Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and who holds honorary degrees from several American universities, views the trial with the mingled emotions of an Englishman and a

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scientist. He suggests in the *Spectator* that 'there is in America more "fake" legislation than in any other country of like importance,' and finds it 'difficult to believe that the Tennessee Act against teaching evolution will not be evaded.'

The London *Outlook* condescends, but at the end of its paragraph has certain qualms about the state of affairs nearer home: —

> It is difficult in this country to conceive of a situation like this. If we remember that in the more remote of the Benighted States the population is almost wholly of the narrowest and most bigoted Nonconformist type — in Tennessee the population is seventy-three per cent Baptist and Methodist, with Presbyterians and Disciples of Christ following next — we can, perhaps, understand the reasons for the row. I can imagine that in districts in England where Chapel predominates evolution is still taboo, or has even never been heard of.

The concluding suggestion leaves it open to question whether the entire population of the other hemisphere is quite so up to date in its biological opinions as might be inferred from the lofty air of the gentlemen who write the editorials. There are plenty of foreign Fundamentalists who, in small type and odd corners of the newspapers, have been 'writing to the editor about it' with a vengeance. The dissension in America had barely begun when a reader of the *Westminster Gazette* wrote that 'our American friends who are banning Darwin and his work from schools and universities supported by public funds have sound reasons for doing so.' He had harsh words for that wicked man, Sir Arthur Keith, the famous anatomist, and ended his letter with the resounding statement that 'the Bible after all knows more about our origin and can more safely be relied upon than Darwin.'

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge writes to the *Morning Post* that 'no one has yet attempted to prove that man is descended from an ape. The suggestion that we are so descended is mere hypothesis.' His utterance makes a little doubtful the complacent reflection of the *Westminster Gazette* that 'such a case would not be possible in this country.'

*

REPAIRING BLUEBEARD'S REPUTATION

CERTAINLY there has never been a nursery since the fifteenth century wherein small hearts have not palpitated over the dreadful doings of Gilles de Laval de Retz, better known under the infamous name of Bluebeard. But historians, with their queer way of blacking all white reputations and whitewashing all black ones, have lately been at work upon this sinister gentleman, who it appears is not half so black — or rather half so blue — as he has been painted.

Most of the stories about the lord with the azure beard — who after all was a faithful companion-in-arms of Jeanne d'Arc and who attained at twenty-two the rank of Marshal of France, which no one attains nowadays under sixty — were due to the fact that he obtained immense wealth from unknown sources. He was a connoisseur of art, he spent money like water, and the rents from his estates could not possibly have supplied the funds for his expenditures. Moreover, by the time he was sixteen he had been engaged to two young ladies, both of whom died, and within three years he had married a third, who presently left him.

Here was plenty to set mediæval tongues to wagging. The source of his money? Quite obviously, magic and necromancy. The number of his wives? As there was no record of more than

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one, it was clear that he must have murdered several. When arrested and tortured, however, Bluebeard confessed to cut short the torture, and went to the scaffold when he was twenty-six.

Lately, however, the source of his mysterious wealth has been discovered. Mineral prospecters find that a rich vein of gold ran directly underneath his castle. The mysterious happenings in the alchemist's study must have been largely the smelting of this gold, which was probably obtained by secret mining underneath the castle in the dead of the night. But how little good that does the unfortunate baron after four hundred years!

✻

A SECOND MICHELANGELO DISCOVERY

A NEW Michelangelo discovery has been made in Rome. Scarcely has the supposed self-portrait that the artist concealed in his Last Judgment been discovered when Monsignor Cascoli, director of St. Peter's Museum, announces the find of seven statuettes executed by Michelangelo as models for giant figures of the prophets which were to top the columns of St. Peter's dome. The marble figures were never executed, and the statuettes themselves have been lost for centuries.

Monsignor Cascoli, in a statement to the *Tribuna* of Rome, tells his tale thus: —

> It was last September. I was walking one day in the top rooms of the basilica when in an attic I saw in a corner a heap of rags and broken wood. Removing this refuse, I discovered underneath the seven statues. After examining them I had no doubt as to what they were.

One of the statues is said to resemble Leonardo, and another Vasari.

✻

'THE DIVILL A VEGETARIAN'

THE Critics' Circle, a lively group of London writers on the drama, diverted themselves the other day by changing rôles with the actors and authors of London. Mr. Ivor Brown, turning author for the occasion, wrote a play with the very Elizabethan title, 'Smithfield preserv'd, or The Divill a Vegetarian.' Other critics acted it, and the actors of London sharpened their pencils, drew their trusty fountain pens, applied for guest cards, and turned critics for the evening.

On such an occasion one might expect to have a huge number of enginers hoist with their own petars, but as a matter of fact the actors appear to have been awed by the position in which they found themselves. Miles Malleson begins his critique in the *Manchester Guardian*, 'This criticism is written under difficulty — after a sleepless night,' and generously admits that 'those critic-actors played their parts on the stage far better than we actor-critics played ours in the auditorium'; but he takes one slight dig at his willing victims when he observes: 'I suppose the play does not matter so much. I must think of something clever to say about it.'

George Grossmith, another actor, was equally generous in the London *Morning Post*. That periodical itself makes an editorial suggestion which is certain to turn the average dramatic critic pale with terror: 'The day cannot be far off when every dramatic critic will be required, as evidence of his fitness for his high office, to produce periodically an original play which the dramatists acknowledge to be, if not as good as their own, at least as creditable a performance as might be looked for under the circumstances.'

✻

DEAD-BROKE STATESMEN

AN amusing story of two famous men who could sway the destinies of Europe, but could not pay for tea, comes

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from Mr. Roland Atkinson, Paris correspondent of the *Sunday Times:* —

The two Foreign Ministers wished to exchange ideas in complete privacy, so they motored to a remote restaurant at Vervoix, discovered the year before by the adventurous M. Loucheur.

On the way back they stopped for a cup of tea at Lausanne, and in settling the bill M. Briand put down a French hundred-franc note. 'We don't accept that money,' said the waitress loftily. Coming to the rescue, Mr. Chamberlain produced an English note. 'We don't take that money, either,' remarked the waitress, with equal hauteur. With his familiar diplomatic smile, M. Briand commented, 'Your note has no more prestige here than mine; you see how necessary is our Mutual Guaranty Pact.' The raconteur does not explain who paid for the tea.

✽

DUCKING THE DEPUTIES

PARIS has been chuckling over a disaster which nearly happened in the Chamber of Deputies. It is always easy to laugh over disasters when they do not happen, but this one was of the sort that would in all likelihood have called forth even more mirth if it had actually occurred. Behind the seat of the President of the Chamber are three buttons. One rings the big bell which suspends the sitting. One is to be rung in case of armed outrage in the Assembly, and calls the military guard. The third is to be pressed in case of fire, and releases ten thousand litres of water, which is always kept stored immediately above the Assembly.

Now these three important buttons are in charge of the Secretary General of the Chamber, and it happened the other day that, this functionary being sick, the official who took his place was not well acquainted with the signals. Consequently, when excitement in the Chamber rose too high for even French nerves to endure, the President rose and put on his hat as signal that the sitting was over. The Secretary promptly reached for the button labelled 'Fire' which would have spilled the ten thousand litres upon the legislators and spectators. Someone stopped him just in time, but the luckless official, still confused, pressed the alarm button in his second attempt.

Gongs rang throughout the building. All the doors were locked. The military guard turned out with fixed bayonets. The prefect of police dashed into the courtyard to help protect the lawmakers, and not until the error had been explained did the deputies realize that they had escaped what one correspondent says would have been 'one of the most picturesque adjournments in parliamentary history.'

✽

THE AGILE UNDERGRADUATE

UTTERANCE by Sir Arthur Everett Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, in the *Spectator:* —

Undergraduates are extremely agile mammals, very quick of eye and resourceful, and on the whole they manage to do comparatively little damage except to themselves.

✽

WHOSE?

ADVERTISEMENT in the London *Times:*

At Wembley sixteen Fords are being built daily. See this outstanding achievement of British motor-building.

✽

HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE!

FRIGHTFULNESS as ordered by China's Christian General, according to the London *Morning Post:* —

Shoot the enemy at long range until your ammunition is exhausted; then use your bayonet till it breaks. After that hammer them over the head with the butt of your rifle. When that splits bite their ears off.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Soldier and Sailor Words and Phrases, compiled by Edward Fraser and John Gibbons. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton, 1925.

[*Daily Herald*]

SOLDIERS and sailors were always great swearing men ('Our Armies,' as Sterne wrote 150 years ago in *Tristram Shandy*, 'swore terribly in Flanders'), and during the war the 'rum little tongue' wagged furiously among the men at the front. The incorrigible Mr. Atkins, suddenly dumped in a strange land, began larking about with the 'bloomin' lingo.'

Men of the New Armies shooed off the too inquisitive young French heathen with 'Nah, then, alley toot sweet, an' the tooter the sweeter!' Privates on the scrounge bargained for too many 'oofs' (eggs), with too few 'onks' (francs), and strange, deft words smelling of the essential war, like 'napoo,' 'san fairy ann,' and 'finnee,' capered across the battlefields and found their way into the *English Dictionary*. (War Words Section: Modern.)

It was high time someone wrote that section up definitively. For civilians will easily forget that 'The Clutching Hand' was a nickname for those quartermaster-sergeants who were 'popularly supposed — often perhaps unjustly — to benefit personally when there was a shortage of rations, and so forth.' 'The phrase would seem to have originated,' say Messrs. Fraser and Gibbons innocently, 'with a certain film melodrama of an exceptionally lurid kind.'

Civilians will, also, too easily forget that 'Hitchy Koo' meant 'verminous or lousy. (See the French word Chicot.)' Or that 'Ooja-ka-pivi' was 'a substitute expression for anything the name of which the speaker cannot momentarily think of. For instance, "Pass me that h—m, h—m, ooja-ka-pivi, will you?"' Or that 'Legs Eleven' was 'a term for any tall, thin man.' Or that a 'Pulpit' was the nickname for an 'Artillery Observation Ladder.'

You will find scores of these salty words and phrases in Messrs. Fraser and Gibbons' museum. You will find there the true history of 'The Herbaceous Borders,' 'The King's Birthday,' 'The Muckle Flugga Hussars,' 'The V.C. Mixture,' and 'The Pork and Beans.' 'The Pork and Beans' was the British Army's characteristic nickname for the Portuguese troops serving on the Western Front.

'When the Portuguese first arrived the military authorities happened to have on hand a large surplus of tinned pork and beans, of which our own men had been long heartily sick, and the opportunity was taken to pass them on to the Portuguese. . . .

'The newcomers took to the pork and beans with avidity, and the ration established itself as their favorite food. . . . And then a song came out at a divisional concert-party performance to the refrain, "Pork and Beans for the Portuguese."'

Someone 'in authority' became anxious lest the nickname should give offense to the Portuguese, and the following 'secret' order was issued: —

'In future the forces on our left will be referred to by all ranks as "Our Oldest Allies," and not, as heretofore, as "The Pork and Beans."'

Living Organisms: An Account of Their Origin and Evolution, by Edwin S. Goodrich. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1925.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE author expresses the hope 'that this book, dealing with modern views on the nature of life and the relation of living organisms to their environment, and with the latest advances in our knowledge of Heredity and kindred problems, will prove a useful introduction to the study of organic Evolution not only for the scientific student but also for the general reader.'

So far as the student is concerned this hope should be fulfilled, but we are not so certain about the general reader. It is no easy task to condense into just two hundred small pages the controverted and complicated theories that make up modern biology. If Mr. Goodrich has been able to do this in a manner that will satisfy those who have already some knowledge of the subject, and are prepared to read and reread with concentration, let him be content. For such readers, and for those who wish to climb out of their groove to get a clear view of the general advance, his work is thoroughly to be commended. But, unless the general reader of to-day be one who can take in his stride such phrases as 'motile processes,' 'binary fission,' and 'parthenogenetic reproduction,' this book is not for him.

Taking the work on its real merits, as a clear and judicial summary we find it admirable. Mr. Goodrich has his own views and does not

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hesitate to express them; but he lets us know that there are others, and his treatment of them is not unfair. As Professor of Zoölogy and Comparative Anatomy in the University of Oxford he holds a position intermediate between that of the geneticists and experimental biologists, on the one hand, and that of the systematists and palæontologists, on the other. While he has sympathy with each side, he can reject the extravagances of both.

Eleonora Duse, by Edouard Schneider. Paris: Grasset, 1925.

[Benjamin Crémieux in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*]

EDOUARD SCHNEIDER gives us the story of Duse's last years which completes our familiar image of the great artist. She who incarnated the human passion of Marguerite Gautier and Ibsen's heroines, she whom d'Annunzio named '*l'animatrice,*' appears here as she was toward the end of her life, which was so troubled both physically and morally, as a pure mystic.

Eleonora Duse is shown to us at the end of her strength, but still indomitable, sustained and burning with an apostolic ardor to give Italy a theatre worthy of herself, to provide plays suited to elevate the soul emerging from the war, and to give men a common meeting-ground. Repulsed, ruined, misunderstood by her countrymen, M. Schneider shows how she was more and more tormented by human agony and more and more attracted by Christian mysticism.

This is evidently but one part of Duse's life, a striking contrast with the triumphant period when she played *La Gloire* and *La Citta Morta* throughout Europe, but it is unquestionably the most moving portion of that sad and beautiful life whose echo will long endure.

Day of Atonement, by Louis Golding, London: Chatto & Windus, 1925. New York: Knopf.

[*T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

THE author of that sprightly novel, *Seacoast of Bohemia,* and that exhilarating travel-book, *Sunward,* has broken fresh ground in *Day of Atonement.* It deals with the tragic lives of the girl Leah Golda and the youth Eli, learned in the Talmud, in Russia and in industrial England. Fleeing from a pogrom, the young couple face worse calamity in Doomington. Leah is even more of a devotee of the Jewish faith than her husband. The worst crisis in their lives arises when Eli tells his wife he has become a Christian. From that the book marches to utter disaster. The story, which is by way of being told to the narrator by the son of Eli and Leah in Sicily, has a sombre strength which absolves the author of the charge of being frivolous. Many of his readers will prefer him in his light vein; but *Day of Atonement* is his serious contribution to the depiction of the old Jewish belief in all its fidelity and fanaticism.

[*Adelphi*]

BRIEF mention was made in last month's issue of this surprising book, and more especially of the difficulties inherent in the theme adopted by Mr. Golding. But no apology should be required for returning to the discussion of a novel which, whatever its defects, is likely to survive in popular esteem ninety-nine per cent of contemporary fiction, and which is intended to illustrate nothing less than the collision in modern times between Judaism and Christianity and the effects of that collision upon the son of its victims. Mr. Golding is himself a Jew, but, unlike many Jews and many Gentiles, neither sentimentalizes nor despises his race. Simply as an historian of an English ghetto Mr. Golding shows himself here, as he did in *Forward from Babylon,* to be unequaled. If we remain unconvinced that he is yet able dramatically to illustrate the full extent of his thought upon a less limited theme, we must admit that his very failures are interesting. He has all the qualities of a first-rate novelist. What he has yet to attain is the technical ability wherewith to put these qualities into perfect balance.

Proteus, or the Future of Intelligence, by Vernon Lee. London: Kegan Paul; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1925.

[*Discovery*]

ANOTHER of the 'To-day and To-morrow' series — and a very stimulating little essay. Miss Lee has much in common with the earlier writers in this series, notably Mr. Bertrand Russell, who put forward the Bloomsbury point of view. She interprets intelligence as a highbrow dilettantism, which, in her opinion, is more likely to obtain a glimpse of truth than either genius or single-minded research. Like others of her kind, Miss Lee has a sentimental attachment for the eighteenth century and for a cultured classicism. Her outlook seems to savor more of a weak discontent with the bustle of progress or of an apology for self-conscious æstheticism than of a valuable contribution to the thought of 'to-day and to-morrow.'

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People tired of war stuff?

* * *

Well, hardly.

These are a few opinions of John W. Thomason Jr.'s "Fix Bayonets!" in the June Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

The September Scribner's Magazine leads with "Marines at Blanc Mont: An Episode in the History of the Second American Division" by John W. Thomason Jr., with pictures by the author, some of which were done on the field of battle.

* * *

Artists are enthusiastic about his drawing; readers are jubilant about his writing.

* * *

"Fix Bayonets!" was his first published work.

* * *

If you missed it, be sure not to let "Marines at Blanc Mont" slip by.

* * *

If you read it, you will get the September Scribner's Magazine without any extra urging on our part.

* * *

It is published August 26.

* * *

You see, people are tired of *bad* war stuff. But if it's good, it's good now.

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